



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

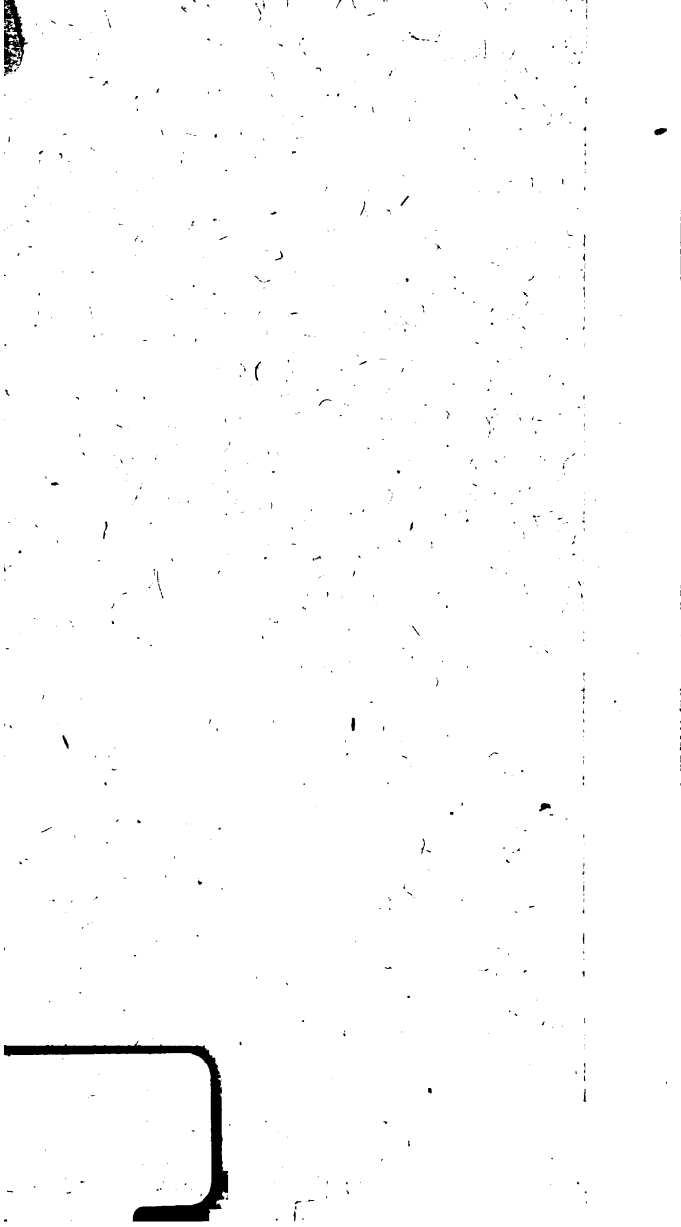
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07581492 5



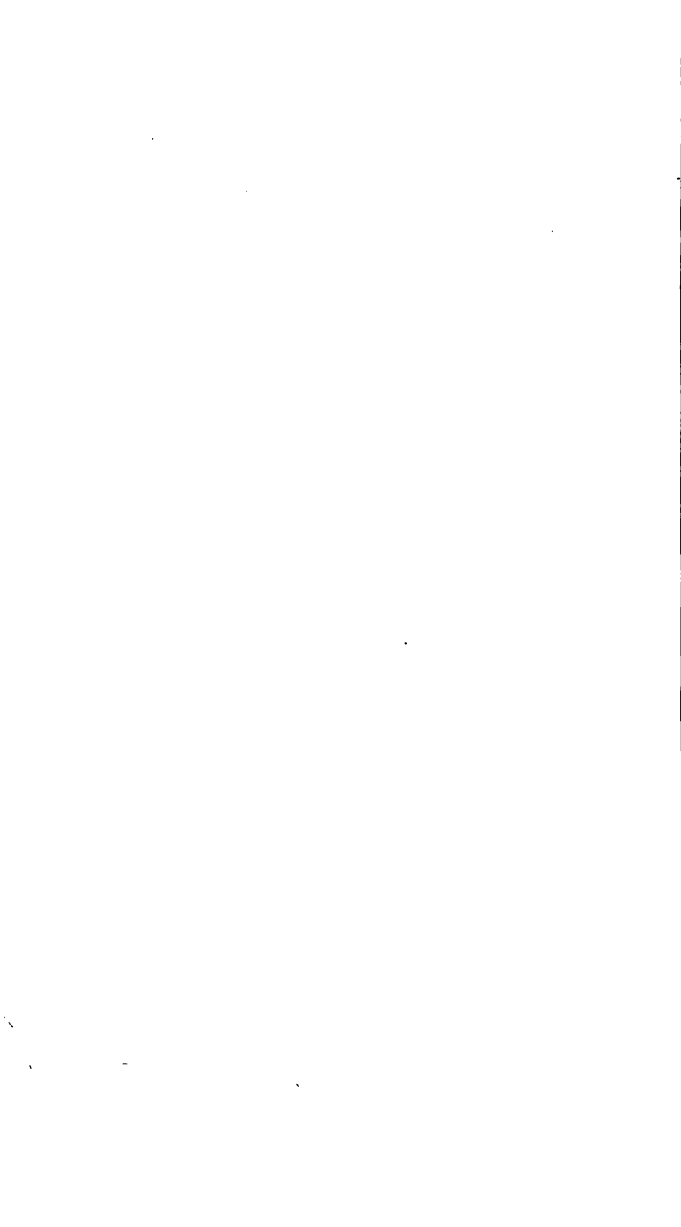
FILE

FILE

NO







*Billing*

Floria  
NH





**GALATEA;**  
***A PASTORAL ROMANCE.***



HALATEA

21/10/18

**GALATEA;**  
**A PASTORAL ROMANCE:**

ORIGINALLY WRITTEN, IN SPANISH,

**By M. CERVANTES;**

AND NOW TRANSLATED,

*from the French of M. Florian*  
**FROM THE FRENCH OF M. FLORIAN,**

**By W. M. CRAIG.**

---

**LONDON:**

**PRINTED FOR G. AND S. ROBINSON,**  
**PATERNOSTER-ROW;**  
*By J. Swan, 76, Fleet Street.*

---

**1813.**

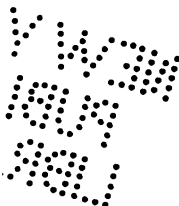
VM

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

**320678A**

ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R 1927 L



TO THE  
RIGHT HON. LADY CHARLOTTE  
*LEVISON GOWER.*

---

MADAM,

THERE is no one to whom I can, more properly, dedicate this little Volume than to your Ladyship. The characters introduced in it are almost all of your own blooming age, and their ingenuous candour, as well as their integrity of sentiment, might be supposed entirely ideal, if I did not thus refer to one who is a most interesting proof to the contrary.

**DEDICATION.**

I beg leave, once more, to offer my grateful thanks, for your condescending politeness to me, during my long and laborious work, in the Marquis of Stafford's Gallery, from the difficulties of which, this translation was an occasional relief.

I remain, with high respect,

**MADAM,**

**YOUR LADYSHIP'S MOST OBEDIENT**

**AND OBLIGED SERVANT,**

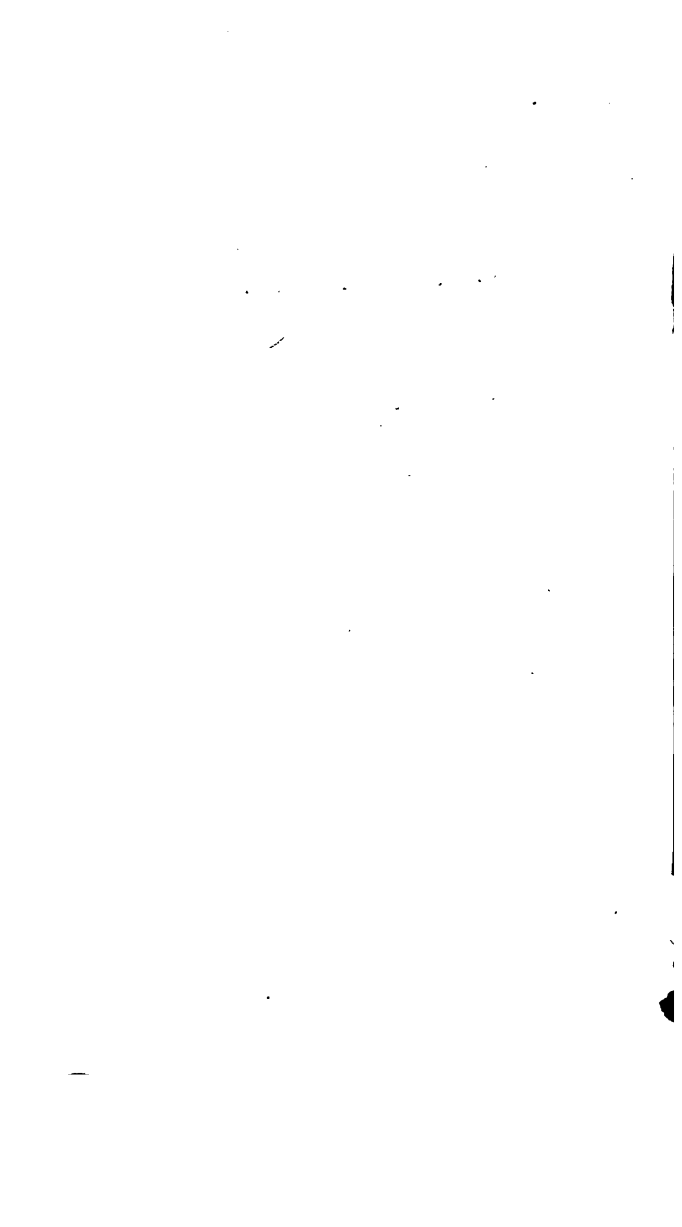
**W. M. CRAIG.**

## ADVERTISEMENT.

---

THE beautiful simplicity of Galatea would be a sufficient reason, were there no other, for offering it to the British Public; but as it exhibits the instance of an ingenious narrative sustaining its interest, to the last, without the introduction of one vicious character, or one reproachable sentiment, I bring it forwards with confidence, as a work highly calculated to delight, while it improves the heart.





# GALATEA.

*A PASTORAL ROMANCE.*

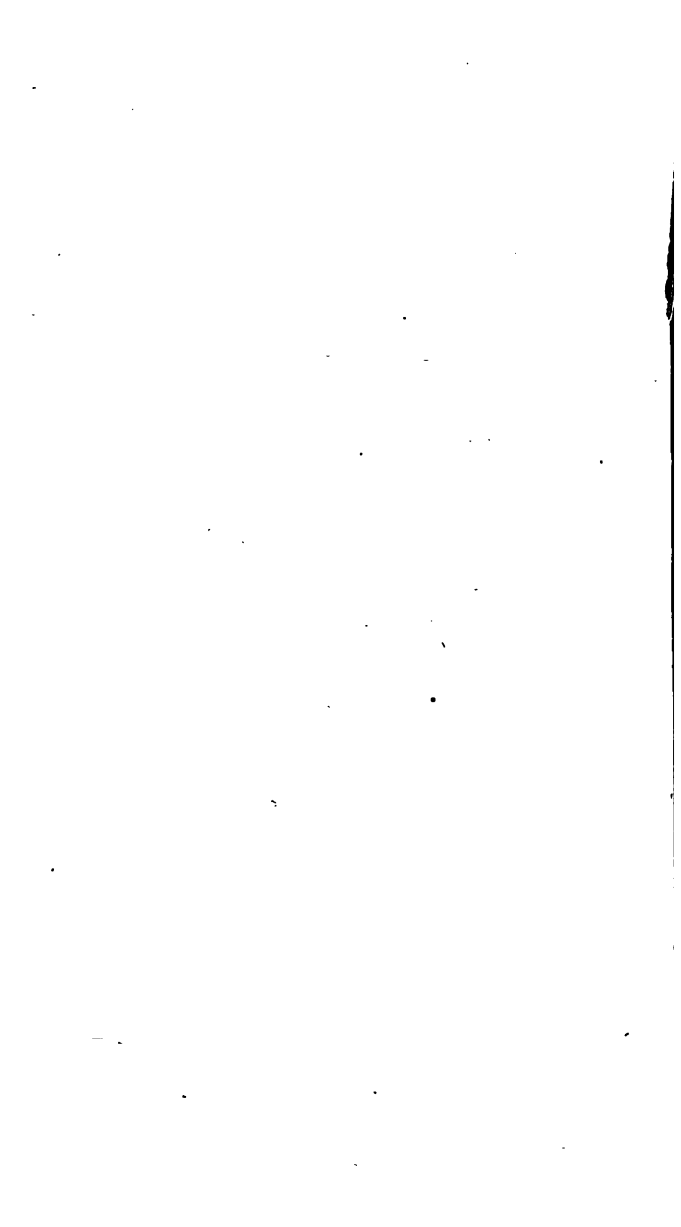
---

---

BOOK I.

---

---





## **GALATEA.**

**A PASTORAL ROMANCE.**

---

“LONG ere the dawn, my love-lorn tale

“ Each neighb’ring echo knows;

“ And to the grove, the stream, the vale

“ In sighs I tell my woes:

“ But neither echo, vale, nor stream, nor grove:

“ Can ease the sorrows of my hopeless love..

"In cooling shades retired, alone,

"In vain I seek repose:

"The stream but murmurs at my moan,

"The turtles mock my woes.

"Thus neither echo, grove, nor stream, nor vale

"Can ease the sorrows that my heart assail."

Thus sighed the shepherd Elicio, as he wandered on the banks of the Tagus. Nature had bestowed her gifts upon him with a liberal hand; but fortune and love had treated him less kindly: long had he loved Galatea, without having the least reason to flatter himself with the hopes of a return to his passion. Galatea was no more than a simple shepherdess of the same village as Elicio; but she would have been queen of the whole world, had the crown been destined to the most lovely maiden, possessing the most amiable and spotless mind.

I take my pen to relate the adventures of this

rural pair, and their innocent associates: I aim at nothing more than to describe the characters and pursuits of swains and village maids. O! you who love to contemplate the beauties of unaffected nature; you who can find in the brilliant verdure of the fields, or the murmurs of a crystal stream, pleasure, almost as great as that of performing a kind or benevolent action, to you I address my pages. If they afford you pleasure in the perusal, I shall be recompenced.

Of all the shepherds who loved Galatea, Elicio was the most tender and the most diffident. His respect, however, was not the sole cause of his timidity: Moeris, the father of Galatea, was the richest husbandman of the district; Elicio's whole property consisted of a cottage and a few goats.

Evastor, his rival, was less poor, but not more successful. Evastor, long considered the most

insensible of shepherds, had not been able to defend his heart against the charms of Galatea; but he did not flatter himself with the hope of pleasing her: too simple to become engaging, he knew better how to feel than to express his feelings; for nature, informing him, seemed satisfied with having given him a good heart.

One day, as Elicio, in a sequestered valley, passed the hours in thinking on the dear object of his love, he saw Evastor approaching, preceded by his flock, which he left to the care of the faithful dogs that attended it. These sagacious animals seemed as if conscious that their master was too much in love to pay attention to his sheep, and therefore redoubled his vigilance: they watched on every side, urged forward the most indolent, or brought back those that had wandered; thus discharging their own duty and that of the shepherd.

As soon as Evastor was near Elicio, "I hope" said he, "you are not displeased with me for loving Galatea; for it is impossible not to love her, and I wish that my sheep, when I lead them forth, may find nothing but poisonous herbs in the meadow, if I have not tried a thousand and a thousand times to forget my love for her. I have consulted all the doctors in the neighbourhood, without finding any cure for my passion, and I come, therefore, to ask your permission, that I may love her till death. In granting it you can have nothing to fear from me as a rival, simple as I am, while you, who are the most engaging of shepherds, have tried in vain to soften the heart of Galatea."

Elicio smiled at this address: "My friend," said he, "I have no right to be jealous of you; rather should our mutual disappointment make us more dear to each other. From this moment let us live united, and, while we pass the hours



in talking of Galatea, the pleasures of friendship shall make us amends for the vexations of love.

The two rivals, thus become friends, began to tune their pipes, when they saw Galatea advancing with her flock over a green eminence not far distant. A simple waistcoat, with a petticoat of common stuff, formed the whole of her dress; but the graces of her person rendered even those elegant: her long flaxen hair floated on her shoulders, and a hat of straw secured her face from the burning rays of the sun. Simple and pure as the fragrant flower of the field, she charmed every eye without being conscious that she was lovely.

Elicio advanced modestly to speak to her; but Galatea's dogs, who never suffered any one to approach the flock, ran forwards and began to growl at him. Scarcely, however, had they discovered who it was, when, as if ashamed of what

they had done, they hung down their tails and came quietly to receive caresses from his hands. A venerable ram, the leader of the flock, who had oft times been fed by Elicio, soon perceiving the shepherd, came to him likewise, raising his head and shaking the little bell that hung round his neck: all the sheep followed his example. Elicio opened his wallet, and distributed to the dogs and to the flock the bread and roots it contained, while tears of delicate emotion ran down his cheeks. The shepherdess, embarrassed with observing this mutual attachment between her sheep and her lover, hastened after the ram and, deeply blushing, drove him with her crook away from Elicio.

The shepherd could not forbear reproaching her for this appearance of anger: "Why," said he, "thus punish your sheep, when the fault is wholly mine! These pastures are the best in the valley; therefore, though you may wish to

shun me, at least leave your flock to enjoy them, and I will even neglect my own goats to look after it. This favour will surely not be too much to grant me; and if you will but name the part where you intend to pass the day, I will take care to avoid it, that you may not be troubled with the sight of me." "Elicio," answered Galatea, "it is not to avoid you that I drive my sheep away: I was going with them to the stream under the palm trees, where I expect to meet my dear Florissa. I am grateful for your kind offers, and wish to convince you of it by removing your suspicions." As she spoke, she continued driving her flock forwards. "May you," cried Evastor, after her, "sometime love one that will treat you with the same cruelty! May you ——" but before he could say more, the shepherdess began to sing, and, in spite of his anger, he wished rather to hear her voice than his own. The shepherds listened and Galatea sang:

“ Constant by day my snow white flock I lead,  
“ Nor wish, nor hope to change the sweet em-  
ploy:

“ I seek for them clear stream or dewy mead,  
“ And if they seem rejoic’d, I share their joy.

“ Calm through the night I sleep, and when the  
sky  
“ Glows with the morn, nor hopes, nor fears I  
prove;

“ For, safe in tranquil ease, I still defy  
“ The dang’rous cunning of the child call’d  
Love.

“ Love and the wolves these peaceful haunts  
shall spare,  
“ Since faithful dogs my browsing flocks at-  
tend;

“ And, for myself, the slender crook I bear  
“ Will sure my bosom from a child defend.”

Galatea had scarcely finished her song when she arrived at the grove of palm trees, where she was anxiously expected by Florissa, the chosen friend of her infant years, and now the faithful confidant of her most secret thoughts. They sat down together on the green margin of the stream, and were amusing themselves with plaiting, into a garland, the wild flowers that grew beside them, when they perceived advancing, a shepherdess that was not known to either of them. This stranger, young and lovely, appeared lost in the contemplation of some secret grief: sometimes she stopped and sighed as if distracted with her woe, and sometimes she raised her tearful eyes to heaven, as if imploring pity and assistance. Thus, too much engaged to perceive Galatea, she advanced to the water, and took some of it in her hands to wash her eyes, which were fatigued with excessive weeping. "Alas," said she, "where shall I find water to extinguish the flame that consumes my heart!"

Galatea and her friend ran towards the stranger, and addressed her without hesitation: "If heaven," said they, "were touched with your tears as we are, you would soon cease to shed them; for we lament your misfortunes before we know what they are. It often happens that grief is soothed by relating the causes that occasioned it; yet we dare not ask of you a narration that may be too painful to your wounded heart. "The recital," answered the stranger, "might perhaps extinguish that sympathy which you seem to feel for me. When you know that love is the cause of my afflictions, can I still hope that you will join me in lamenting them? The shepherdesses, after having used every means of consolation in their power, conducted her to a retired grove, and there, being all seated together in the shade, the stranger thus began her narrative:

"My native village lies on the banks of the

Henares, famous for the coolness of its waters: my father is a husbandman, and rural labours have therefore occupied the whole of my days; every morning it was my charge to lead forth our flocks to the neighbouring pastures. Thus alone, in the midst of woods or extensive plains, solitude did not weary or disgust me. If I heard the sweet melody of the birds, I joined my voice to theirs; if I saw the ground profusely covered with flowers, I gathered the choicest of them, and the possession of a rich nosegay, I looked on as the triumph of a happy day: in short, I loved nothing but my sheep, and in the grove and meadows I wished only for flowers and shade.

“How often have I smiled at the sighs and tears of those maidens who confided to me an account of their tender loves! I well remember that, one day, the young Lydia came to me, and threw herself upon my bosom, which she bathed.

with her tears. Alarmed at her distress, I wiped her eyes while I embraced her, and asked with the most soothing affection, what serious misfortune had caused her tears thus to flow. Is your father dead? I asked her, or have you lost your flock? 'Ah! my dear Theolinda,' she answered me, 'nothing can console me. He is gone, he is lost for ever; this morning I saw the shepherdess Jannina wearing the rose-coloured ribbon which I gave the other day to that faithless ingrate.' I confess to you, amiable maidens, that I could not help smiling at this recital, notwithstanding the frequent sobs that interrupted it. Lydia was offended by my gaiety; she cast on me a dejected look, and turned away, to leave me; I endeavoured to detain her. 'Theolinda,' said she, 'may you one day experience what I now suffer, and find in those whom you expect to sooth you, the same pity I have found in you.' Such was her wish as she left me, and you, shep-



herdesses, are perhaps destined this day to fulfil it.

“ I was then free and happy ; but, alas ! I did not long continue to be either. One day, it was the evening before the festival of our village, I was going with several other shepherdesses to collect branches and flowers to deck our temple : we found by the way a company of shepherds seated in the shade of a myrtle grove ; they were all either our relations or friends. They rose up at our approach, and six of them offered to go and collect the branches we wanted ; we accepted their offer, and agreed, in the mean time, to stay with the rest of their companions.

“ Amongst these young men there was, however, one whom I had never seen before. Scarcely had I looked upon him when I felt an emotion in my heart, which, till that moment, was entire-

ly new to me; I even doubted at first what it could be. Lydia was present, and I soon felt as if I could wish to fall at her feet and ask pardon for deriding, in her, the distresses of a passion which I now felt as forcibly in my own breast.

“It would have been easy to read, in my countenance, what was passing in my heart; but every one was engaged in attending to the stranger. He was asked to finish a song which he had begun just before our arrival: he resumed it, and I trembled lest he should speak of love. If his heart is tender, said I, in thought, he will chuse love for his theme. Happily, however, he sung but of the charms of a pastoral life, and the means of preserving our flocks: he said not a word on that subject, which is most interesting to every shepherdess.

“He had just finished when we saw, returning, those shepherds who had kindly undertaken

to cut boughs for us. They were so loaded with them that, walking close together, in a line, they seemed like a grove moving along the plain towards us: as they drew near, they joined in a rural chorus, to which we answered. Immediately they put down their burdens and offered each shepherdess a garland of different flowers. We accepted the gifts, and were preparing to return to the village, when the oldest of them, named Eleuco, stopped us, saying, we ought to reward their labour by each shepherdess giving her garland to the youth she loved best in the party. That is nothing but justice, answered one of my companions, immediately putting her garland on the head of a cousin who stood near her: every one followed the example, each bestowing her garland on a relation. Mine remained the last to bestow, and, fortunately for my heart, I had no cousin there.

“ I pretended, for some time, to be uncertain,

and then approached the stranger: I give you this garland, said I, in the name of my companions, as an acknowledgment of the pleasure they received in hearing you sing. I pronounced these few words with a throbbing heart, not daring to lift up my eyes while I crowned him, and my hand trembled so that I was scarcely able to hold the garland.

“The stranger received my present with an appearance of thankfulness and modesty, and took advantage of a moment when no one could possibly overhear him, to say to me, in a low voice, dearly shall I pay for this garland; you have given me only a collection of flowers, and I——, he could not finish, for my companions pressed me to hasten back to the village: nor had I the power to answer him; yet I looked at him as long as he was in sight, and, after I ceased to see him, his image filled my mind.

“The next day being the holiday, after having paid our devotions to the Great Author of Nature, all the inhabitants of the village and neighbourhood assembled in a large place, destined for the purpose of different rural exercises. A group of young men, proud of their youth, their strength, and their activity, prepared to dispute the pre-eminence in wrestling, leaping, and running. Every one seemed qualified to become victorious; but one alone, amongst the number, excited my hopes and wishes in his favour, and my vows at last were heard. Artidore, my stranger, was victorious in every contest, and received the applauses and commendations of every one that saw him. I listened to his praises without seeming to pay attention, and often pretended not to have heard what was said, that I might have the pleasure of hearing it repeated.

“This delightful day soon ended. The next

day we assembled twelve of the choicest young maids of the village, and, dancing hand in hand, with a tabor before us, proceeded to a meadow where we found Artidore and all our young men. As soon as they saw us, they ran forwards, to join in our dance, each youth separating two shepherdesses; thus breaking our chain to increase it. The tabor, the lute, and the shepherd's pipe joined to enliven us; the dance grew more and more animated, and a happy chance placed my hand in that of Artidore. I trembled, however, so much, that I think I should not have been able to hold it, but from a fear of breaking the chain. Artidore perceived it, and carried me away, pressing me tenderly against his breast: the remedy was worse than the disorder.

“The dance being ended, we sat down upon the grass. Every one was desirous to hear Artidore sing, and he consented without hesitation.

I shall never forget the words of his song, and I will endeavour to repeat them to you, in spite of the tears which must now for ever flow from these eyes at the sweet remembrance.

“Sad thro’ our lives would pass the dreary hours,  
Unmark’d by joy each night and gloomy day;  
But Love, indulgent, lends his cheering ray,  
And kindly strews the rural shades with flowers.  
Love, we all should bless thy chains,  
By them our griefs and joys we measure:  
Mutual love divides our pains,  
And increases every pleasure.

No adverse chance disturbs the favour’d lover,  
A look, a word can sooth him, if it’s kind;  
And though misfortune’s shafts should pierce  
his mind,  
He hears, “I love you,” and his griefs are ever.

Love, we all should bless thy chains,  
By them our grief and joys we measure:  
Mutual love divides our pains,  
And increases every pleasure.

One eve I heard a tender pair bemoan  
Th' uncertain prospects of their nuptial day;  
But, drying soon their tears, I heard both say,  
"Sweeter is pain, thus shar'd, than joy alone."  
Love, we all should bless thy chains,  
By them our grief and joys we measure:  
Mutual love divides our pains,  
And increases every pleasure."

"It was time to return to the village: every shepherd offered his arm to a shepherdess, and, either by chance or contrivance, Artidore became my companion. We walked on in silence, not daring to look on each other; yet each seemed anxious to steal a look unobserved, and, if by accident our eyes met, they were turned imme-



diately to the ground. At length, I said, Artidore, the few days that you have given us of your company will seem like years, if you have left any one that is dear to you in your own village. I would give, answered he, all that I possess, to insure the continuance of such happy days through the whole of my life. You are fond then of festivals, I added? Ah no, he answered, it is not the festival —, and he sighed; I believe I sighed too: he pressed my hand, but I do not know that I returned the pressure.

“At this moment, Eleuco, whose years always made his advice respected, proposed that we should sing a roundelay, that we might enter the village as gaily as we left it. I undertook it willingly, and rejoiced in this opportunity to give Artidore some intimation of my sentiments. I sung these words, looking at him as often as I could do so without blushing:

" If in love you hope success,  
Let concealment be your guide:  
Him a maid will soonest bless  
Who can best his triumph hide.  
To be loved, be first discreet;  
Secrecy makes loving sweet.

" Falsely is it said of love,  
Secrecy pollutes its flame;  
For we most the youth approve  
Who forbears his hopes to name.  
To be loved, be first discreet;  
Secrecy makes loving sweet.

" Those who publish what they feel  
Often lose the promised treasure:  
Learn your suff'rings to conceal,  
That you may conceal your pleasure.  
To be loved, be first discreet;  
Secrecy makes loving sweet.

"Only to your heart confide  
In success to name the maid;  
And the glory that you hide  
Amplly shall in joy be paid.  
To be loved, be first discreet;  
Secrecy makes loving sweet."

"I know not if the song pleased Artidore, though he made use of the advice. During the whole time that he remained with us, he paid his attentions to me with so much circumspection and prudence, that the most jealous and malignant eye could not have discovered it.

"I was certain of being loved, and I did not conceal from my lover that my heart was not insensible. We agreed that he should return to his village as he had proposed, and that, a few days afterwards, he should send a friend of his family to demand me of my father. We were both sure that our friends would consent to the

union, and every thing seemed favourable to our wishes, when, two days after the departure of Artidore, unfortunately for me, my twin sister returned from a neighbouring village, where she had been to visit one of our aunts.

“ This sister, by an extraordinary fatality, is an exact resemblance of me. In face, in figure, in voice, we are so exactly alike, that our parents are obliged to give us dresses of different colours, in order to know us from each other; but our characters have nothing of this resemblance, and if our hearts had been twins as our bodies are, I should not now have to shed so many tears.

“ The morning after her return, my sister let out the sheep from the fold, and took them to the pasture before I was awake. I wished to follow her, but my father detained me at home all day, and thus obliged me to renounce the

sweet hope of seeing Artidore till the morrow. In the evening my sister returned and told me, with a mysterious air, that she had something of importance to say to me. I retired with her immediately, in order to be alone, and you will judge what were my feelings when she thus addressed me:

\* This morning, my sister, as I led my flock along the banks of the Henares, I saw a young shepherd advancing towards me: he saluted me, and took my hand with a familiarity that surprised and offended me. My silence, and the alteration he must have observed in my countenance, could not, however, repress the transports he seemed to feel. My lovely Theolinda, said he, will you not acknowledge him that loves you better than his life? I saw in a moment, my sister, that I was taken for you; but as your reputation is dear to me, and as the freedoms of so bold a shepherd might prove extremely injurious to it,

I resolved to free you for ever from his importunities. I took care not to undeceive him in his mistake, and, assuming the tone of voice which Theolinda ought to use on such an occasion, I answered his address with a disdain that surprised him, and I meant to carry it still farther; but, happily for you, my first words had a sufficient effect upon him: he left me, calling me faithless and ungrateful, and I dare say you will never see him again."

"You will easily imagine, amiable maids," continued Theolinda, "how much this intelligence afflicted me. I would have given one half of my life that the next morning had been already arrived, for me to seek my Artidore and undeceive him. Ah! what a long and tedious night did I pass, though I was in the fields before the stars began to disappear: my sheep had never before reached their pasture in so short a time. I arrived at the place where I used to find Arti-

dore; I looked for him, I called him, I examined the wood, the plains, and the banks of the river; but no Artidore was there. Return, my beloved, I cried, return: here is the true Theelinda, who lives only to love you. The echoes repeated my words; but Artidore answered them not. At length, tired by my exertions and my grief, I sat down at the foot of a willow, waiting anxiously till it should be clear day, that I might renew my search.

“Scarcely had the dawning light rendered objects visible, when I perceived characters traced on the bark of a white poplar that stood near me. I looked on them, and soon knew that they were the work of Artidore: the words I read were these, though I cannot conceive how I was able to read them without expiring.

Proud maid, as fickle as you 're passing fair,  
You neither prize your vöws nor mysad days;  
And, cruel, thus have doom'd to black despair  
One whose sele joy was on your charms to gaze,  
And yet submissive your command obeys;  
Yes, faithless fair, you ne'er shall see me more;  
For, while the life within this bosom stays,  
If I behold you, I must still adore.

Deep in this bark I carve your promised love,  
As once I hoped to find it in your breast;  
But diff'rent far; this time shall still improve,  
While that has lost the image once imprest.  
Farewell, I fly you, and will seek for rest,  
E'en in the tomb, where ends each mortal strife,  
And if my fate be with your tears but blest,  
My death will then be happier than my life.

"I read this heart-rending farewell twice over



without weeping, and would have read it a third time, but a sudden burst of tears prevented me; and truly, if these tears had not come to my relief, I must have died on the spot with agony. My grief, however, seemed to have robbed me of the small share of understanding love had left me. I resolved to abandon every thing to pursue Artidore: one moment I wished to follow him instantly, the next I determined never to quit this poplar on which my destiny was traced. I tried long, and in vain, to tear off the bark on which it was cut: I kissed it a thousand times, I bathed it with my tears, and then ran frantic over the plains, repeating for some time the last words that I had read.

“ I arrived at last in this neighbourhood, and am now not far from the district in which Artidore lived; but no one has yet been able to give me the least intelligence of him. I will seek

him yet a few days longer; but if my search prove unsuccessful, if Artidore is no more, my resolution is taken to follow him: yes," cried she, "death shall not divide us: this is my last hope."

Such was the narrative of Theolinda. Galatea and Florissa exerted themselves to console her. "Remain with us," said Galatea, "we will assist you to find Artidore, and till then we will weep with you for his loss." Theolinda, touched by their kind persuasions, embraced Galatea and promised not to quit them, at least for some days.

The sun was setting, and the three shepherdesses collected the flock together, in order to return to the village. They were not yet half the way home, when Galatea perceived that she had forgotten her crook: she requested Florissa and the stranger to take care of the flock, and she returned alone to seek it. She soon discovered,

through the trees, an old shepherd, named Lenio, seated in the place where she had lately been sitting; he held in his hands the crook she came to find.

At the same moment, Elicio, who was returning to his cottage with his little troop of goats, passed by, and knowing immediately the crook of Galatea, stopped with surprise to see it in the hands of Lenio. Galatea, attentive to the conduct of Elicio, concealed herself behind a bush, that she might hear their conversation.

"Where did you get that crook?" demanded Elicio, with more than usual quickness. "I have just found it here," answered the old shepherd, "and I intend it for Belisa, who will not refuse so pretty a present." "I wish," rejoined Elicio, "you may be able to melt the heart of Belisa with the gift; but my crook is much handsomer: see how the ring is cut away, to look

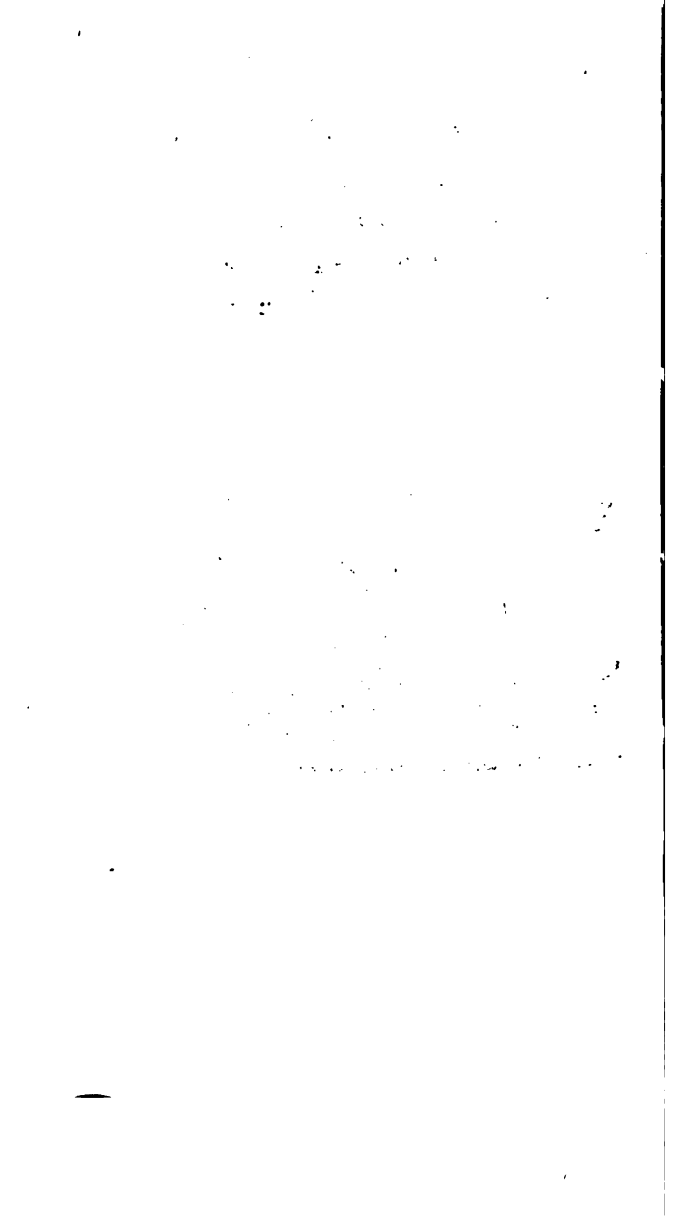
like a wreath twisting round it. What shall I give you besides this for the one you have in your hand? "I will have the finest of your goats;" replied he. "I agree to it," rejoined Elicio, eagerly: "I have but six; here they are—choose which you like." The old shepherd was at no loss to decide; for of Elicio's six goats one was big with young, and he chose that immediately. Elicio, full of joy, gave him the goat, took possession of the crook and pressed it to his heart, as if he had gained a great treasure. The two shepherds, equally satisfied with each other, soon separated, and Galatea, deeply musing on what had passed, slowly rejoined her companions, who asked immediately if she had found her crook. "Some one I believe has taken it," answered the shepherdess: "but I am not sorry for the loss."

The shades of evening now began to look dark upon the western hills; the birds, assembled in the shelter of the trees, already began to

dispute in a confused murmur for the branches on which they should pass the night: nothing was heard in the plains but the evening pipes of the shepherds, and the tinkling bells of the sheep returning to their folds. As the three shepherdesses entered the village, they found it busy with the preparations for a great rejoicing: they were soon told the occasion of it. On the next morning Daranio, one of the richest husbandmen, was going to marry the young Sylvia, whose beautiful blue eyes were her only dower. The lover, proud of his happiness, was determined to celebrate his nuptials in a way that should make every one partake of his joy. He had invited all the shepherds of the neighbouring villages, and, amongst the rest, the famous Tircis, who was said to have no equal in the art of singing, or in that of playing on the flute: he was just arrived with his friend Damon. Theolinda, who had some hopes that Artidore might be led to witness the nuptial ceremony, determined to at-

tend it with Galatea. Every shepherd was anxiously preparing himself for the different trials of strength or skill, that were intended to increase the pleasures of this festive day.





# **GALATEA.**

---

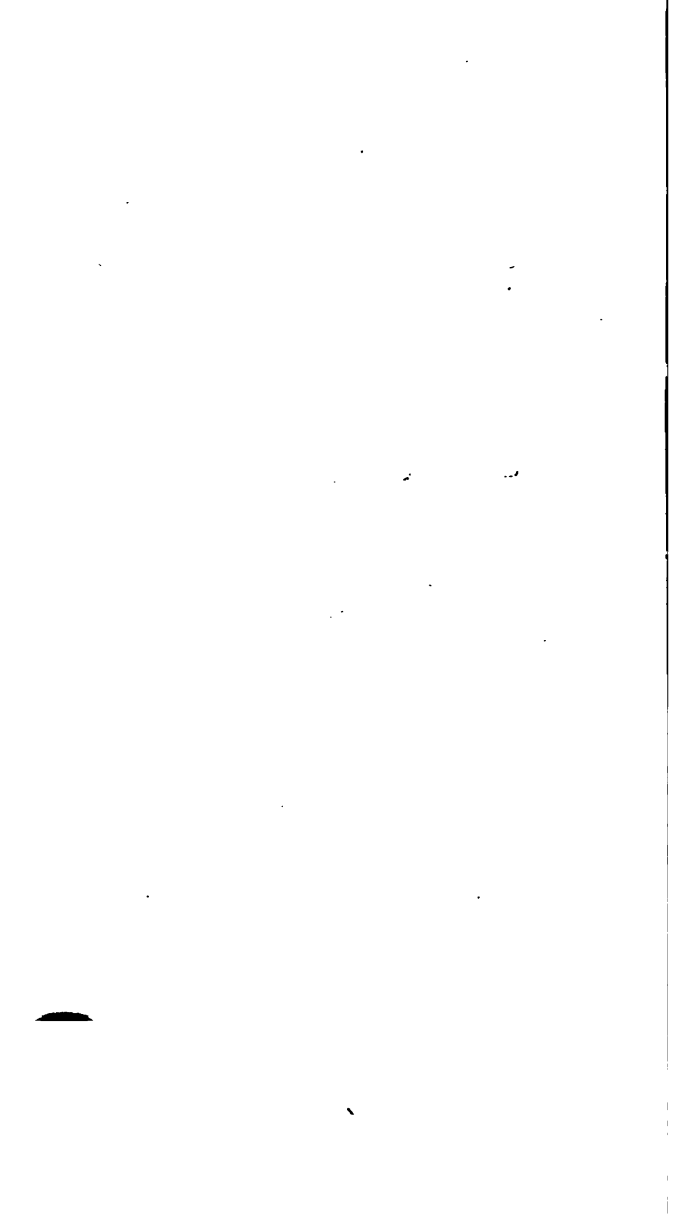
---

## **BOOK II.**

---

---







## GALATEA.

---

WHEN shall I be able to retire, for life, to the tranquil scenes of the village? Oh when will fate bestow upon me a cottage covered with cherry trees? A garden, an orchard, a meadow and a small vineyard should surround it; a brook, bordered with nut-trees, should circumscribe my domain, and my wishes should never pass beyond its pure waters. There my days would pass delightfully away; labour, repose, or study should

employ each moment. I would to have where-with to live, and even something to give away: this is the true possession of riches; for to possess only for one's self is to possess nothing. If it should please the beneficent author of nature to grant me these blessings, and a chaste, affectionate partner, to share them with me, I should think, as I sat on the grass, before our cottage, and saw our children contending which should first run to kiss the beloved mother, I should think my lot enviable even to the greatest monarchs.

Such was the life of the swains, whose history I write, and with whom a happy marriage was always the reward of a long and faithful attachment. Daranio, the lover of Sylvia, was now to become her husband. As soon as the first rays of the morning shone upon the village, the whole of the inhabitants assembled; some had made garlands, to ornament the doors of the bride and

bridegroom; others, with the flute and the tambourine, prepared to welcome in their happy day: on one side were heard the songs of shepherds, praising the innocent enjoyments of a rural life, and, on another, groups of matrons, singing hymns in praise of the god of marriage: some of the young men put ribands to their castagnets, some dressed their hats with flowers; every one wished to please his mistress: the whole village was animated with love and joy.

The bride and bridegroom were not long before they made their appearance, dressed in their best habits. Galatea and the young maids of the village conducted Sylvia; Elicio and the shepherds attended the joyful Daranio: the whole was formed into a procession, and took the road to the temple, marching to the sound of various instruments.

After having vowed an eternal fidelity, the

new married pair returned to the great area ; in the centre of the village, and all the young women ran to seek the presents which they meant to offer to the bride. One presented Sylvia with a basket of fruit, another presented, in her hat, eggs that the hens had just laid ; a third presented even the hens themselves, and all, without regret or vanity, made such offerings as their circumstances enabled them to bestow.

Galatea advanced in her turn ; she brought two turtle-doves, that one of her father's husbandmen had just taken in a net. The shepherdess seemed fearful of hurting them, and she was scarcely able to hold them in her hands : their white and downy wings, their rose-coloured beaks got out continually between her fingers. She therefore hastened to part with her present, and, modestly, yet gracefully, addressing Sylvia, " My dear friend," said she, " here are two birds, that wish to live with you ; they have a

right to claim protection from every faithful pair whom love has united." Saying these words, she presented the doves. Sylvia put out her hands to receive them, and Galatea opened hers to deliver them up: the two birds took advantage of the moment to make their escape, and, flapping their wings in the faces of the shepherdesses, soon rose into the air. Sylvia surprised, Galatea vexed, followed them with their eyes for some moments, but they were soon out of sight: each seemed at a loss what to say, and every body laughed except Galatea.

Elicio approached her, and said, in a low voice, "These birds have but punished you for not taking more care of them; but if they could look upon you again, I dare answer for it they would find it impossible to leave you." "I should not calculate on that," answered Galatea, "and for the present I console myself with thinking that they are happier in being at liberty." Imme-

diately she sent to her fold for a young lamb to replace the doves.

While these gifts were offered, several tables were spread under an extensive shade of large trees, and were soon covered with provisions. Daranio, who gave the feast, caused the matrons, the old men, and the young women to sit at table, while the youths remained standing, to wait upon them. At a little distance a sort of stage was erected on some barrels, where a group of rustic musicians soon placed themselves. The symphony began, but was soon interrupted by the shouts of joy; pleasure and gaiety shone in every countenance, every one was satisfied, every one was happy, and it appeared almost as if each shepherd had just married his favourite mistress.

In order that nothing might be wanting to complete the happiness of the day, Daranio pro-

posed a pastoral contest: Sylvia took the garland from her head and declared, that it should be the reward of him who best sung the praise of his mistress. The instruments ceased to play, the young women looked on their lovers, and the shepherds prepared to sing: even Erastor wished to enter the lists; but the famous Tircis rose up, and Erastor sat down without speaking. For some time no one had courage enough to contend with Tircis; at length Elicio presented himself. "Shepherd," said he, "I do not mean to dispute the garland with you; I wish only to sing the praise of her I love." A deep silence immediately prevailed, and the two rivals thus sang in turn.

## TIRCIS.

'Tis Phillis, charming Phillis, I admire:  
Love and the maid will now my song inspire;  
But praise is vain, since you her charms have seen,  
And naming her is naming Beauty's queen.



ELICIO.

For me too sacred is the virgin's name,  
Who fills my bosom with a constant flame;  
But if I say she's fair as tongue can tell,  
I lose my secret, for you'll know her well.

TIRCIS.

The ripen'd apple, blushing, round, and sleek,  
Is the true image of my Phillis' cheek:  
Her jetty eyebrows and soft melting eyes  
Make all hearts captives with their silken ties.

ELICIO.

The roses blush, the dazzling white of snow,  
The cheeks and bosom of my nymph can show:  
The rose no winter's with'ring pow'r has felt  
And, ah! that snow no ardent sighs can melt.

TIRCIS.

Since first her beauteous eyes upon me shone,  
I've sigh'd for Phillis, and for her alone:

Love in her flowing hair, conceal'd, remains,  
And of it daily weaves my heart's dear chains.

ELICIO.

My constant heart has felt the power of love,  
Since first I saw my fair one graceful move:  
Through her blue eyes I saw him point his dart,  
And soon, ah! soon, I felt him in my heart.

TIRCIS.

Just as a broken mirror multiplies,  
In ev'ry piece, each object to our eyes;  
So, in the bosoms of our doting swains,  
The perfect image of my fair remains.

ELICIO.

As tender lambs with grief no longer bleat,  
But skip and bound, when the lost dam they meet;  
So may you see our youths, rejoic'd, appear  
When the dear object of my vows is near.

E

## TIRCIS.

I'll give my Phillis, on her natal day,  
Two spotted kids, around her cot to play;  
And richly shall I think the gift repaid,  
By the light garland that adorns her head.

## ELICIO.

To me ill suits the boastful giver's part,  
Whose wealth was but a dog and faithful heart:  
My faithful heart has long been hers alone,  
And now my dog attends her as her own.

The two shepherds here finished their songs,  
and Sylvia, in doubt, wished to give two prizes.  
“Your talents,” said she, “are so equal, that I  
am not able to decide between you. Accept  
each of you an equal crown of laurel, and suffer  
me to bestow the garland on my best friend.”  
In saying this she presented her rewards to Tir-  
cis and Elicio, and, turning towards Galatea,  
placed the garland on her head.

The music immediately gave the signal for dancing. Elicio entreated Galatea to dance with him; the shepherdess blushed and consented. "Would you have wished," said Elicio, in a tremulous voice, "that Tircis had carried the prize from me?" "No," answered Galatea; "I should have been sorry, for the honour of our village, had you been vanquished by a stranger." Neither of them had courage after this to renew the conversation.

Night came, and every one went to sup with Daranio, except Galatea, who returned home with Florissa and the unhappy Theolinda. As soon as these three shepherdesses had retired, Elicio took the road to his cottage, accompanied by Erastor, Tircis, and Damon: the two last had been long the particular friends of Elicio, and were well acquainted with his love and his inquietude.

They had not walked far on their way, when, passing by the steps of a hermitage, situated on the summit of a rising ground, they heard the notes of a harp. "Let us stop," said Erastor to the others, "and listen to the voice of a young man, who, fifteen days ago, came here and turned hermit. I have spoken to him many times, and, after these conversations, I have always thought that he must be a great lord, whom misfortunes had driven from the world: if Galatea continue to treat me with so much cruelty, I think I shall turn hermit and join him."

These words of Erastor inspired the shepherds with a desire to know more of the hermit. They ascended the hill, without noise, and soon discovered a young man, of about twenty-two years old, seated on a fragment of rock. He was clothed with a garment of coarse cloth, to which a cord served him for a girdle; his legs and feet were naked, and he held in his hands a

harp, from which he drew forth the most plaintive sounds: his moistened eyes were often raised to heaven, while the tears trickled down his cheeks. The silence of the night, the pale, but clear, light of the moon, the awful gloom of the hermitage, every thing seemed calculated to prepare the soul for the melancholy strains of the hermit, which, after an interesting prelude, he sang in these words:

In vain I weary heav'n with ceaseless pray'rs,  
Unpitying heav'n rejects my tears and sighs;  
Nor love consoles me, nor harsh fortune spares,  
And e'en from friendship's balm my woes arise:  
Thus peirc'd at heart and press'd with hopeless  
cares,  
I look not forward to serener skies;  
But rudely sever'd from each earthly tie,  
I cannot live, and yet too slow I die.

Pure, sacred friendship, solace of our days!  
My love upon thy altar I resign'd,  
And trusted, walking pensive in thy ways,  
The sweet restorer of my peace to find:  
But ah! through thee a keener anguish preys,  
With constant pangs, upon my tortur'd mind;  
And though thus severed from each earthly tie,  
I cannot live, yet still too slow I die.

The hermit ceased; his head sunk upon his shoulder, his hands quitted the harp and fell motionless by his sides. The shepherds ran forwards to his assistance, and Erastor, taking him in his arms, with some difficulty recovered him. The hermit opened his eyes, like one that awakes from a terrifying dream, and gazing on Erastor, "Shepherds," said he, "your kindness will but prolong my misfortunes in prolonging my life, and a useless gratitude is all that I can offer in return." "You may at least," answered Tircis, "relate to us the cause of your unhappiness: the

tender friendship with which you have already inspired us is worthy of this confidence." "Ah! friendship!" exclaimed the hermit, "what a heart-rending word have you spoken! but I will do as you request me; for I have more than one obligation to you. It is in your village that I daily solicit the small nourishment that sustains my sorrowful existence. Since, therefore, I owe my life to you, it is but just you should know how little reason I have to value it." At these words, the shepherds closed round him, and the young hermit immediately began his recital.

"In the ancient and famous city of Heres, whose inhabitants have ever been the favourites of Mars and Minerva, lived a young knight, named Timbrio. His high and valorous spirit was even the least estimable of his many eminent qualities. Drawn towards him by an irresistible sympathy, I endeavoured, by all possible means, to gain his friendship; in which, at last,



I succeeded. All the city soon forgot the names of Timbrio and Fabian, so I am called, in the appellation usually given us of the two friends.

“We were not unworthy of this distinction: always together, our youthful years passed like moments; our only study was in martial exercises, our amusement was hunting, and our tranquil bosoms knew no other passion than friendship. This happiness continued, till one day, a day for ever to be lamented, when Timbrio had a quarrel with another knight, named Pransiles. The family of my friend, anxious for his safety, obliged him to quit the country: but he wrote previously, to his antagonist, that he was going to Naples, where he should be always ready to terminate their dispute according to the laws of arms.

“I was at this time ill, and unable to follow my friend; but our separation was marked by

many tears, and a promise, on my part, to join him as soon as my health would permit. I soon found, however, that his absence was more grievous to me than my disorder; and having learnt that there were several galleys at Cadiz, preparing to sail for Italy, I resolved to embark in one of them. Friendship furnished me with a degree of strength for the undertaking, and I entered the vessel; the wind favouring my wishes, I arrived in a few days at Naples.

“ It was night when I landed in the capital of the two Sicilies: in passing through one of the streets, I heard the clashing of swords, and soon perceived a man, who, supporting his back against a wall, defended himself against four assassins; I ran to his assistance, and, being followed by two of my servants, our unexpected attack put the four cowards to flight. I approached the unknown hero, I spoke to him, I looked in his face: it was Timbrio.

“ I folded him to my breast, shedding tears of joy; but I paid dear for the pleasure of this wished-for reunion: my friend was wounded, and his emotions, occasioned by my unexpected arrival, completely overpowered him; so that he fell, bleeding and motionless, into my arms. I sent immediately for help, Timbrio revived, and the surgeon, who examined his wound, assured me it was not mortal. This information comforted me: we made a cradle of our arms, and thus contrived to carry home my wounded friend.

“ There I soon learnt from him the cause of this attack. Timbrio, on his arrival at Naples, had presented letters of introduction, which he brought with him, to a principal citizen, whose family was from Spain. Received into the house, as an amiable and worthy friend, the young Spaniard was not able to defend his heart against the charms of the eldest daughter, Nisida, the most lovely and the most accomplished female among

the Neapolitan ladies. An Italian prince, who had long been in love with Nisida, soon found that he had a rival, and, fearing the valour as much as the merit of Timbrio, had basely employed persons to assassinate him.

“ This adventure caused much talk in the city, and at last was mentioned to the father of Nisida: he was greatly irritated that his daughter's name should be implicated in an affair of this kind, and forbad both the prince and my friend ever appearing in his house again.

“ This prohibition afflicted Timbrio more than his wound. Consumed by a passion which obstacles served but to increase, in despair at not having declared it when he had the opportunity, he wished to see Nisida again, whatever it might cost him. The means of accomplishing this seemed to him easy; then again, in a moment afterwards, such an interview appeared impossible;

he wrote a hundred letters to her and then tore them immediately; he formed innumerable schemes, equally impracticable, as doubt or despair succeeded each other in his mind. So much anxiety and perturbation greatly inflamed his wound, and my friend was soon reduced to a state of extreme danger. I resolved, in the hope of saving his life, to endeavour to introduce myself into the house of his mistress.

“I dressed myself like a captive, lately ransomed, and walking every evening in the street in which Nisida lived, and singing many old ballads and romances, I passed for a Spaniard just escaped from the hands of the infidels. In a short time nothing was spoken of, in that part of the city, but the musical captive. The father of Nisida wished to hear some of my romances, and I was accordingly admitted into his house. It was there that I saw this Nisida, of whom I had heard so much; it was there that I lost the

peace and happiness of my days. I dared to gaze on her celestial form, I dared to gaze on her beautiful eyes, the lustre of which was tempered by an expression of soft melancholy, and, as I gazed, I felt the sweet poison of love run rapidly through my veins, I wished to fly from the fascinating object, but had not strength, and, in a single moment, I became as miserable as Timbrio.

“ I was desired to sing, though I had scarcely power to speak; however, I obeyed, and chose an oriental romance, which a Persian slave had taught me when an infant.”

Here the shepherds joined in entreating the hermit to repeat the romance to them. Immediately he took up his harp and sang it in a very pleasing voice.

Nelziran the young, lov'd the fair Semire,  
And she adored her lover too:  
To meet in the groves, their vows to hear,  
Was all the pleasure they wish'd to know.

But often will trifles interpose,  
And seem to govern the fates of man;  
Upon the leaf of a fairy-charm'd rose,  
Depended the life of Nelziran.

“ So long as the rose in its flow'ry bed,  
Unhurt and fair shall meet the eye,  
Nelziran's life no danger can dread;  
But if a leaf fall, the youth must die.”

Semire ever watch'd, with anxious care,  
This rose, so mysterious, of magic power;  
And oft her fair hand prevented the air,  
That blew too rude or too cold on her flower.

Nelziran one day, on her lips so clear,  
Of coral hæ, imprinted a kiss;  
Love urged her to give it back, but fear  
Denied Semire the innocent bliss.

But the lov'd rose that kiss receives—  
Forbear rash maid! alas! 'tis too late:  
She press'd with her lips, and scatter'd the leaves,  
Thus Semire has accomplish'd her lover's fate.

He sunk at her feet, her white hand he prest—  
His eyes are fast closing, his colour is fled;  
Love seems unwilling to leave his breast,  
'Tis finished, 'tis past, Nelziran is dead.


Semire was never more heard to speak,  
Ah! who could look on a scene like this?  
She laid her pale cold lips to his cheek,  
And breathed her last sad sigh in a kiss.

" Nisida had a younger sister, almost as beau-



tiful as herself. The young Blanche seemed to listen to my ballad with more attention than any one, and gave me greater commendations when I had finished: I thanked her gratefully, looking all the time on her sister. The father was pleased, and prayed me to come again; but I hesitated long before I took advantage of this permission; I was sure to force deeper into my heart the shaft that had already pierced it. At length, however, urged by my friend and impelled by love, I returned once more; I saw Nisida again, and the hope of being able to subdue my passion instantly forsook me.

“Judge of the struggles that passed in my breast: I loved Timbrio more than my life; I loved Nisida perhaps more than Timbrio: I saw her every day, and was obliged still to do so, on account of my friend, who, though recovering, seemed entirely supported by the accounts I gave him, from time to time, of his mistress.



Time, instead of diminishing my misfortune, contributed rather to increase it; every moment redoubled my love, my remorse, and my anguish. My health could not resist their violence; my face soon lost the glowing colour of youth, and my sunken eyes lost their animation, and were scarcely able to turn towards the lovely object that destroyed me. The father of Nisida showed great anxiety on my account; Nisida herself, and, above all, her sister Blanche, often entreated me to reveal to them the cause of my secret sorrow, that they might, if possible, relieve it. But how could I think of betraying the interests of my friend? I shut up the avenues to my heart, I resisted their solicitations, and resolved rather to die than prove unfaithful to the trust he had reposed in me: I had, however, courage thus to address them:

“ You will lament my distress much more, when you know that friendship is the cause of it.

A young gentleman, my countryman and valued friend, has fixed his heart on the loveliest lady that the sun has ever seen: he respects her too much to dare to speak of his passion, and this silence will prove fatal to him. It is for him that I lament—to see one, whom I know to be the most amiable of mortals, rapidly borne to the grave by an unfortunate love, which he fears to avow.

“ Here Nisida interrupted me: Fabian, said she, I have never known any thing of love; but it seems, to me, very simple for any one to chuse rather to die than tell a female that he loves her. Perhaps this avowal might not give offence; but, even supposing it were not well received, the lover has still the power to die as much as before. Lovely Nisida, I answered, when we speak of love, without feeling it, we are apt to consider it as a childish sport, at which we laugh; but when the heart is wounded by a hopeless passion,

reason and superior judgment rather contribute to mislead than to assist us. Such is the case with my unfortunate friend. By the force of entreaty I have prevailed on him to write to the object of his wishes; I have taken charge of the letter, and carry it constantly about me, in the hope of finding some favourable opportunity to present it. May I not see this letter? demanded Nisida; I feel curious to know the style of one so truly in love.

“ I could not suffer so favourable an opportunity to escape; I drew from my bosom a letter, which Timbrio had given me some days before, and presented it to her; it was conceived in these words:

“ I was resolved, madam, never to break the silence that destroys me; I preferred to die and obtain your pity, rather than live and sustain your anger. But my fate would be too severe

to die without telling you that I adore you.. If this confession offend you not, I feel that I shall cherish life only for the purpose of devoting it to you; if my boldness appear to you to deserve punishment, my death shall soon do you justice."

"Nisida read this letter with great attention. I cannot believe, said she, that a declaration of love so respectful could give offence to any one; I advise you to deliver it without fear of its being ill received. It is not yet time, I answered; but my friend is dying; and you have the power to save his life. How? demanded Nisida, with quickness. Answer this letter, I replied, as if it were addressed to you; and this innocent artifice will give me time to find the opportunity I so anxiously seek: thus you will be the means of preserving my friend. No, said Nisida: I have never answered any love letters; I should not like to begin by practising a deception; but what prevents you relating to your friend the

circumstances that have just passed, putting the name of his mistress instead of mine? You can tell him that she has read his letter, and that she advised you to deliver it; that, in fact, you had not courage to say it was really intended for her; but that you had reason to believe she would not have been greatly displeased at receiving it. This deception will be beneficial to the health of your countryman, and, perhaps, is nothing more than might have passed, if you had presented his letter to her who is really his mistress.

“Surprised, at first, with this invention, I stammered out some words of acknowledgment, and then ran to relate all that had passed to Timbrio. The hopes he conceived from this account, his transports, and the gratitude he expressed for my services, were so many additional ties that bound me more to his interest. I redoubled my attentions to Nisida, and while I

burnt with a passion which the sight of her constantly increased, I spoke of nothing but my friend; I employed for him the expressions which my heart would gladly have furnished for itself. Thus assisting my friendship by means of the passion that would have destroyed it.

“ At length I ventured to declare all: I informed Nisida that my friend was the same Timbrio who had nearly suffered death for her sake. I extolled his birth, his accomplishments, his virtues—in a word, I described him such as I knew him to be. Nisida had not forgotten him; she expressed, perhaps she felt, surprise at the explanation; she reproached me with my boldness, and threatened to tell her father every thing that had passed; but, through the anger which she forced herself to show, I could see clearly that Timbrio was beloved.

“ This last blow finished my despair; and,

though I had long expected it, I did not the less feel its severity. I resolved to inform Timbrio of his good fortune, and then, flying from him and the world, to spend the rest of my days in some desert place. But I calculated too much upon my resolution; for, at the moment that I undertook to tell my rival that he was beloved, my tongue failed me, and my eyes filled with tears: I endeavoured, in vain, to conceal my emotion; my sobs betrayed me, my strength forsook me, and I fell overpowered into the arms of my astonished friend.

“Timbrio, surprised and alarmed, supported me, embraced me, and questioned me: he wished to know the cause of so lively a grief. I was silent; he pressed me; I could not look on him. Ah! I see it all, cried he; you love her, you love her! Alas, how could you have avoided it! your heart groans with the sacrifice it wishes to make me—I should be unworthy of



my friend if I could have accepted it. Continue to love Nisida, and I will never see her again. I may find it possible to live without her, but I should surely die if I knew myself the cause of making you unhappy. As he finished speaking, he pressed me to his bosom, yet turned away his head, lest I should see the tears that streamed from his eyes.

“ In this trying moment, the energy of friendship came to my assistance, and I became superior to every selfish motive. You are mistaken, answered I; it is not Nisida that I love, it is her sister; I have not been able to make an impression on her heart, and the violence of slighted love is alone the cause of my agony. Are you not deceiving me? asked my friend, looking on me with great anxiety. No, in truth, I answered, I adore Blanche, and she scorns my suit. Pardon me, then, if the comparison of my disappointment with your success, has drawn from me

these tears; I promise you that I will shed no more. When I am with you, dearest Timbrio, I feel that my happiness does not depend upon love..

“Timbrio believed me, or feigned to do so; yet he resolved to take time to ascertain the truth. For my part, I was determined to do every thing necessary for his tranquillity; and not only to sacrifice the passion that filled my breast, but even to counterfeit one which I did not feel. The next day I discovered to Blanche my real character, and even spoke to her of love.

“Blanche had loved me long, without daring to confess it, almost to her own thoughts; but as soon as she found herself beloved, she ventured to speak of it to her sister, and this confidence was highly serviceable to Timbrio. Nisida had resisted the seductions of a passion, which she feared, yet finding a companion who experienced

the same emotions, she dared to speak of her lover, and this soon made the impression deeper. The two sisters, revealing their inquietudes and their fears to each other, found mutual encouragement; and the pleasure of this alternate confidence convinced them how delightful it is to be in love.

“By means of my disguise I continued to preserve a free access to the house: I carried the letters of my friend, I even procured him, sometimes, the pleasure of seeing his mistress: on those occasions, too, I redoubled my eager attentions to Blanche. Timbrio, who observed, with joy, how much I was beloved, embraced and congratulated me upon it: he vowed that he would not marry Nisida, till the day that should bestow on me the hand of her sister. I could not answer him, and I cast down my eyes, resolved to perform whatever friendship should require of me.

“We waited only for letters from Spain, to demand of their father, the hands of Blanche and Nisida, when Pransiles, the knight with whom Timbrio had quarrelled at Heres, arrived at Naples, to decide their dispute by a single combat. As the reparation was required to be public, it was necessary to have time for obtaining permission of the viceroy, and for appointing judges. At length this terrible contest was fixed for the eighth following day, in a plain not far distant from the city.

“This intelligence soon became public, and, in spite of our endeavours to the contrary, at last reached the ears of Nisida; her anxiety and her grief were as lively as her love. Languid and disconsolate, she passed without nourishment, and with tears, the eight days of suspense, which seemed to her alternately short and tedious. The dreadful uncertainty, more cruel than the most calamitous fulfilment, soon undermined her

strength, and her health became the sacrifice. Her father, ignorant of the cause of this malady, resolved to take her to his country-house, in the hope of restoring her.

“The day of their departure, which was the last before the combat, Nisida sent for me. As I approached her bed, I scarcely knew her—she was emaciated and pale, and her swollen eyelids were still wet with many tears. Fabian, said she, addressing me in a feeble voice, you must be the bearer, perhaps, of my last sighs to your friend Timbrio—tell him that my existence depends upon his, and that to-morrow, in guarding his own life, he will equally protect mine. For you, whose love for him is little less than mine, I know you will not leave him, and that, if any misfortune should happen to him, you will render him every assistance which can be expected from a kind and faithful friend. Ah! how joyfully would I follow you. Yet hold, added she,

untieing from her neck a precious relic, which she moistened with her tears; take this to him, tell him that it has preserved me in every danger, and to-morrow I trust it will be more useful to me than ever. But I have still another service to ask of you; to-morrow I shall go into the country with my father, and, as the house is not far from the field of battle, I entreat you to promise me that you will immediately come there and inform me what has been the result of the combat. If Timbrio shall have been victorious, put on your arm this white scarf, I shall see it at a distance, and it will save me moments of painful suspense: if he fall, I must never see you again.

“I promised every thing, and hastened to carry the relic to Timbrio. His pride, his courage were redoubled—he kissed it, he placed it next his heart, and, sure of being invincible, he would have defied the whole world. .

“ At length the moment arrived, and all Naples crowded to the place of combat. Pransiles and Timbrio appear, they chuse for their weapons the sword and the dagger, the barriers are opened, the trumpets sound, the combatants rush forward.

“ The contest continued for a long time equal. Pransiles was active and bold—he wounded Timbrio, and the victory still remained doubtful. At last, love triumphed : Timbrio wounded his adversary and laid him at his feet. My generous friend immediately threw away his sword and hastened to succour the vanquished : Pransiles confessed himself conquered, and all the spectators applauded the victor.

“ The fearful uncertainty in which I had so long continued, the sorrow which I felt for Timbrio’s wound, my joy for his victory, all so agitated my mind, that I forgot the white scarf, and

flew without it, to carry the glad tidings to Nisida. Alas! as the fatal moment approached, the burning fever increased rapidly in her veins; yet, in spite of her weakness, she would be brought to the highest window in the house: there, supported by her women, she awaited the intelligence of life or death. She perceived me—saw not the scarf, and fell senseless into the arms of her sister.

“ I arrived—the house was all in tears—I made my way, even to the apartment of Nisida, where every one was employed in endeavours to restore her, but without success. I saw her eyes closed, her mouth open, her lips pale, and I then started with horror, at the knowledge of my fatal forgetfulness. Distracted and despairing, I rushed out of the house, nor dared to seek again the friend whose prospects I had thus destroyed. Uncertain, disconsolate, and furious, I took the first road I came to; yet scarcely had



I proceeded far, when I heard some one call me with a loud voice: it was Felix, the page of Timbrio. My master expects you with impatience, said he, pray come to him. Never, I answered, can I see your master again—Nisida is no more, and I have been the cause of her death. I left the page abruptly, nor stopped till I reached Gaeta, where I found a vessel ready to sail for Spain. I embarked immediately, and arrived in my native country, where I assumed this habit, which I am determined never to relinquish.”

“Shepherds, you have thus heard the recital of my misfortunes. I hoped to find peace in this hermitage, but I have found only solitude. In vain I have endeavoured to direct my thoughts to the Great Object which should engage them entirely; the remembrance of what I have lost takes place of every other consideration. Every day I repeat, that it is my duty to forget Nisida

and Timbrio, and yet every day I feel a pleasure in pronouncing their names."

The shepherds attempted not to comfort the hermit; but they sympathised in his grief. The night was far advanced, yet, the moon being at the summit of her course, they quitted the hermitage and soon arrived at the cottage of Elicio. There they laid themselves down on goat-skins, and, as soon as Elicio saw his three companions asleep, he arose and went out, to execute a plan, of which he had been thinking all day.

Standing before the door of Elicio's cottage was a beautiful cherry-tree, which the shepherd had ever preserved with the greatest care, and which was then covered with the finest cherries of the country. During a certain part of the year, and even while it was still young, this tree had furnished food for its proprietor. Two white

doves had chosen to build their nest in this tree, and had placed it in a fork, formed by four branches. Elicio considered it as a happy presage, that doves should come and fix themselves near his cottage; and, therefore, far from disturbing them, he scattered under the cherry-trees ears of wheat, mixed with other grain, and even wool, that the doves might make the inside of their nests warm and soft for the young ones.

Whilst Elicio was at the nuptials of Sylvia, one of Morris's herdsmen came and spread his nets near the cherry-tree, caught the two doves, and immediately carried them to his master's daughter. They were those which had escaped from Galatea: Elicio, who knew them again, had promised his lovely shepherdess that she should see them, before long, coming to seek her, and wished to keep his word. He went out of his cottage to take, during their sleep, the pa-

rent birds, and to put them in a cage with their young ones. By the help of a ladder, placed against the thatch, he got up as high as the branch, leaned forwards, pushed softly the leaves aside, and saw, by the light of the moon, the two doves with their heads under one wing, and the other somewhat spread out, to cover their nestlings. They stirred not, and it would have been easy for Elicio to take them all together; but he had not the heart to do it. "No," said he, "sweet birds! I will not deprive you of liberty—you shall belong to my shepherdess; but, without being slaves—you shall always live near her, though free to chuse another dwelling." He descended immediately, and, taking a spade, cut a trench round the cherry-tree, till it was held to the ground only by the middle of the roots. Then applying his spade in a horizontal direction, he completely detached it with a large clod of earth, took it carefully in his arms, and,

with a steady and cautious step, which scarcely agitated the foliage, he carried the tree to the house of Galatea.

The room in which the shepherdess slept had a window looking towards the fields: before that Elicio stopped. He put the tree gently down, which stood upright, owing to the skill he had used in digging it out, and, having brought his spade with him, he dug another hollow to set it in. He placed it then with the nest turned towards the window, and so near, that Galatea, with extending her hand, might easily caress the doves. Satisfied with his performance, he looked again to see if he had not frightened the birds. They were still asleep, but he could perceive their heads above the moss of the nest. "Forgive," said he, "forgive, tender pair, the hand that has troubled your repose: it is for your happiness, as much as for mine, since you will be with Gala-

tea. When she opens her window, fly on her shoulder, play with her lovely hair; and teach your young ones to love and caress your mistress. While you are with her, I shall not regret your absence from my cot; but if you should ever see a rival at this window, hasten back to me, and, for the short remainder of my days, I will join my complainings to your tender moans."

The day began to dawn, and the swallows already twittered on the chimney tops, when Elicio took up his spade and hastened homewards. He was nearly arrived, when he heard some one behind him, and turning to observe, he saw that it was Mœris, the father of Galatea. Elicio felt as much alarmed as if he had been committing some crime; but the manner of Mœris soon relieved his apprehensions; for, without asking why he was in the village so early, "I was going to you," said he, "to trust you with a se-

cret, and to ask your assistance in a case which concerns my daughter." The shepherd kissed his hand in a transport of joy, and they entered together a grove of myrtles that grew near the way.



# **GALATEA.**

---

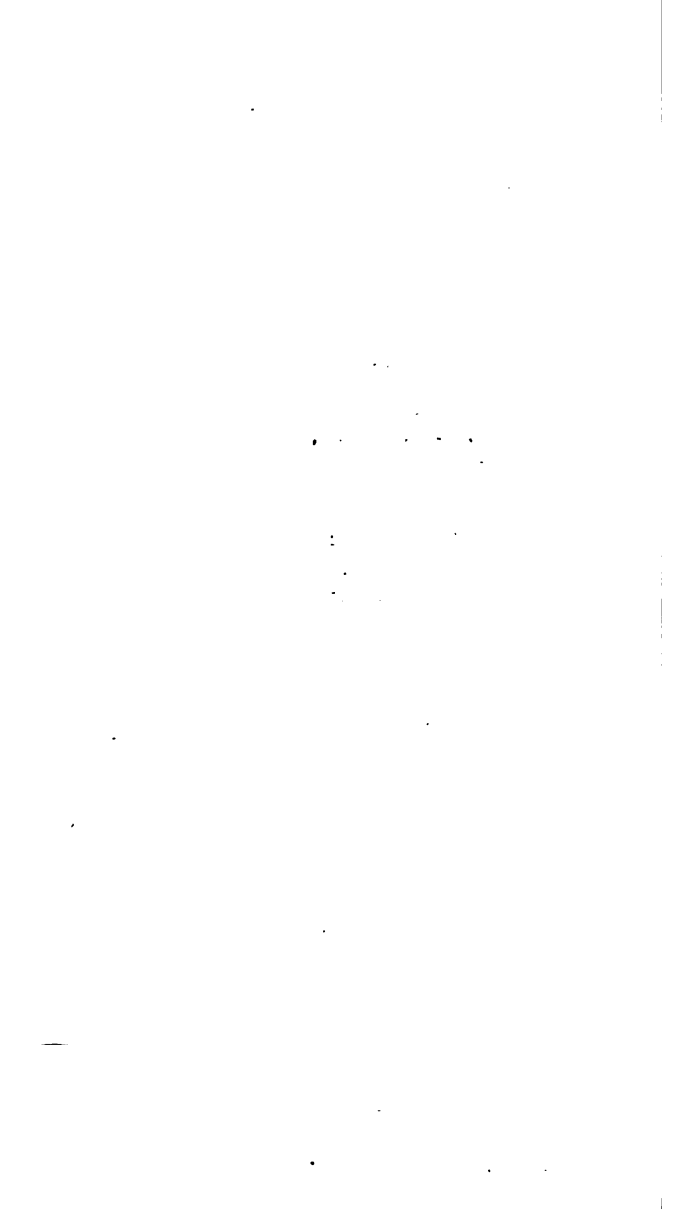
---

## **BOOK III.**

---

---







## GALATEA.

---

WE complain incessantly of the numberless ills of this transitory life, but we reflect not that it is from ourselves these ills proceed: the desire of gold is the chief source of crimes and of misfortunes. The great Creator of all things, foreseeing this effect of gold, buried it deep in the bowels of the earth, and, not deeming it sufficiently secure, when loaded with rocks and preci-

pieces, he covered it also with flowers, with fruits, and with every thing necessary to the comfort and pleasures of man. Insatiable avarice, however, rested not with these benefits: fearful of toil and danger, it penetrated almost to the gloomy abysses of the centre, and dragged into open day that pernicious metal, which has, since, more than brutalised the human race. Alas! who has suffered most by this fatal discovery? It is Love, the uniter of tender hearts. If a youth be tender and susceptible, he has ever had a right to love; but, now, to obtain the dear object of his wishes, he must give proofs, not of attachment and constancy, but of riches. The lover, without wealth, may be amiable, may be constant; but disappointment, despair, and anguish will be the companions of his life. What then shall a lover do who is poor? Shall he refuse to love? No; that would be a still greater misfortune.

Elicio had not made all these reflections when he attached himself to Galatea; or, perhaps if he had made them, they might have been useless; for, what avail reflections to those in love? They see nothing but delights in prospect, and, when mortifications arrive, they are as painful as they are unexpected.

Erastor, Tircis, and Damon were surprised, on awaking, to perceive that Elicio was not with them. They waited till the day was far advanced, and, being uneasy at his continued absence, they went to seek him in the village. They passed through the myrtle grove on their way, and, hearing the voice of their friend singing, they listened with anxious attention. He sang thus:

I loved a rural fair,  
Above all treasure lov'd,

And thought my vows were there  
As tenderly approv'd.  
Ah! for some other swain,  
The maid  
My hopes betray'd,  
And left me to complain.  
Yet still I'd rather weep her false, unkind,  
Than live without her image in my mind.

In childhood first I knew  
The fair, and then admir'd;  
But, as her beauties grew,  
My breast with love was fir'd.  
Ah! for some other swain,  
The maid  
My hopes betray'd,  
And left me to complain.  
But still I'd rather weep her false, unkind,  
Than live without her image in my mind.  
  
Alarmed by these sad complainings, the shep-

herds ran towards Elicio, and found him sitting at the foot of a beech, his face bathed in tears. No sooner had he perceived them than he rose hastily, and ran to throw himself on the neck of Erastor. "My friend," said he, "we are going to lose Galatea! she is about to leave us for ever. Listen," added he, looking at Tircis and Damon, "while I tell you the sad news which Mœris has communicated to me this morning. You shall have it in his own words.

"Elicio, he said to me, I acknowledge the attachment you have always shown for me, by informing you before any other of my daughter's intended marriage: I concluded it yesterday: She will marry a rich Portuguese, whose numerous flocks spread far along the borders of the river Lima. Four shepherds, sent by the suitor, are arrived at my house, and they will depart tomorrow with Galatea. I know that you interest yourself for the maid as much as if she was

your sister; and I have chosen you, my dear Elicio, to accompany her into Portugal, to be present at her nuptials, and to bring me the tidings of her marriage and of her happiness."

"In spite of the trouble this information gave me, I found voice enough to answer it. Is it possible, said I, that you could consent to part with your daughter—that you should doom her to live far from her father and from her country? Are you certain that you shall not cause her misery where you intend only happiness? Will she not regret?—I have sounded the heart of my daughter, interrupted Moeris; I have told her my resolution, and she answered, with her usual sweetness, that she should always be ready to obey me. I observed, too, some slight emotions in her countenance, which I knew expressed the joy a discreet young woman feels when she is going to be married. Fear not, then, for her happiness, but go and prepare for this journey,

which I expect from your friendship. These; my friends, are the intentions of Mœris, and this is the loss which I dread more than death."

Tircis, Damon, and Erastor, most of all, took part in the sorrows of Elicio; "But," said Damon, "as Mœris esteems and loves you, why did not you confess to him your passion for his daughter?" "You know him not as well as I do," answered Elicio. "I have often heard him declare that he would never give her to any one who could not bring as good a property as she will have. If I had ventured, therefore, to speak for myself, he would have thought that I loved her fortune, and his friendship for me would have been changed into contempt. Mœris is too rich not to be distrustful—I am too poor to be bold."

"My dear friend," said Tircis, "do not give up all hope. Let us seek Galatea and learn from



herself if she is willing to marry this Portuguese. Should this be, as I believe it is, a sacrifice of painful duty to her father, we will try to break off this dreaded marriage. Love and friendship will inspire the means: singly they have performed wonders, what then can they not achieve when united?"

Elicio adopted the advice of Tircis, and the four shepherds took the road to a fountain where they knew Galatea often rested herself during the mid-day heat: they hoped to find her there, and they were not mistaken. The shepherdess was seated by the side of the water, and so deeply sunk in thought, that she perceived not their approach. Her tearful eyes were turned towards the murmuring stream, and her forehead rested on one hand, while, with the other hand, she caressed Elicio's dog, that dog who, for some time past, had been more with her than with his master. The faithful animal, lying at the feet of

Galatea, had placed his head upon her knee, looking steadfastly in her face, while his grateful yet anxious countenance seemed to ask, why am I caressed to-day more than usual? Elicio stopped his companions, that he might enjoy this gratifying sight, and a sweet tranquillity soon chased away the expression of anguish, before so strongly marked in his features. Galatea, who thought herself alone, gave way to her feelings and sang to her mute attendant:

Fond companion of my days,  
Faithful follower of my ways,  
From these scenes of dear repose  
Far thy destin'd mistress goes.

Duty stern my footsteps leads  
From these woods, these verdant meads,  
Where I oft have joy'd to hear  
Lover's voice, like thine, sincere.

Faithful dog, my journey share,  
Sole partaker of my care;  
And, of past felicity,  
Nothing will remain but thee.

Yet, when I have ceas'd to mourn,  
To thy master's cot return;  
And thy sight shall notice give,  
"Without him I could not live."

The tears that Galatea shed, as she sung, at last interrupted her voice. Elicio wept too; but it was with joy. He could no longer control his feelings; he ran towards the shepherdess, fell on his knees before her, and seized one of her hands, which he kissed with fervour. Galatea, surprised, endeavoured, though in vain, to withdraw it; she perceived the other shepherds observing her, and tried to seem angry, but she could not; she would then have run away, had not the dog prevented her escape, who, joyfully

leaping round them both, seemed almost to say, that he rejoiced in the happiness he had been the means of obtaining for his master.

Tircis, Damon, and even Erastor were softened into tender sympathy, and dared not approach the two lovers. Galatea called them, made Elicio rise, and addressing them, in spite of her tears, "I will not pretend," said she, "to conceal a secret which my imprudence has discovered. Yes, I shall regret the loss of my country; I may, perhaps, leave my heart behind me; but I am the more resolved to obey the commands of my father, and this sense of duty will carry me through every sacrifice. I entreat you not to increase, by your complaints, a grief that would be useless; and, above all, I beseech you not to intrude on the solitude which I feel more necessary after this avowal." At these words she retired, leaving the four shepherds, as if fixed to the spot. Elicio's dog alone dared to fol-

low her. She perceived the animal's intention, and tried to drive him back by the threats of her crook; but the dog offered himself quietly to the blows, and the poor Galatea could not bring herself to beat him, nor could she succeed in her endeavours to drive him away.

The four friends, thus alone, consulted how they should prevent this dreaded marriage. Tircis advised to assemble all the shepherds of the district and with them to go and supplicate Mœris, that he would not rob them of a treasure they valued so highly. Damon was for going to Portugal and threatening the intended spouse, so that, through fear, he might be induced to give up his claims to Galatea. Elicio inclined to this advice. Erastor kept his hands over his eyes, wept, and for some time uttered not a word. At length, "my friends," said he, endeavouring to suppress his emotions, "all that you have proposed will only tend to vex Mœris: I have a plan

that will render every one happy but me. It is this which has stopped me from speaking sooner, and I will now fly to execute it." At these words, embracing Elicio, he left them abruptly.

The other shepherds, who calculated little on the schemes of one so simple as Erastor, proposed to go and consult the hermit Fabian. Already they were on the road when they met a knight, superbly dressed, mounted on a magnificent charger, and followed by two ladies on palfreys: a numerous retinue of servants showed that they were persons of distinction. The shepherds saluted them in passing, and the knight, returning the civility, stopped Elicio. "Kindly direct us," said he, "to some convenient place in these forests, where we may repose for a few hours. The ladies whom you see are fatigued with the heat and with the journey, and desire to rest here." Elicio, who always forgot himself, when he could render service to

others, conducted them to the fountain which he had just left. As soon as they reached the place, the servants spread out a table, which was speedily covered with refreshments. The two ladies, seated on the grass, lifted their veils and astonished Tircis and Damon by the splendor of their beauty. The elder seemed to have the advantage in charms; but she owed that greatly to a deep melancholy which hung on the features of the younger.

Elicio urged his companions to resume their way to the hermitage; but the knight detained them. "Let me enjoy," said he, "the happiness of having met you: my wish is to live amongst shepherds only, such as you. What a difference between your happy lot and that of the inhabitants of towns! Nature gives you in reality, and without seeking them, those pleasures, of which we purchase the mere shadow. Idleness curtails our days; labour prolongs yours: languor, de-

ception, and disappointment fill up the measure of our lives; yours are all frankness, liberty, and joy. Ah! I am resolved to become a shepherd to-morrow, if Nisida will take a crook with me.

At the name of Nisida, Elicio looked on the two ladies with an air of surprise and of particular earnestness, which the knight remarked.—“Pardon me,” said Elicio, “if the name of Nisida has made such an impression on my mind—it is not long since one of our friends shed many tears in speaking of Nisida.” “Have you then a shepherdess of that name?” demanded the stranger.—No; she, of whom we spoke was not a rustic, she was not even of this country: Naples gave her birth.”—“Naples!—Ah! how have you known this?”—“I will tell you all—but first answer me, are you not called Timbrio? and is not this lady Blanche the youngest sister of Nisida?”—“You have named them truly.”—“Ah! Fabian what a happy day for you!”—“Then



you know Fabian?"—"Is he here?" exclaimed Blanche, and the paleness of her cheeks gave way to the deepest blushes.

"Yes," answered Elicio, "he is here, and grief for losing you would have finally put an end to a life, which he has consecrated to penitence: Fabian lives like a hermit, and his dwelling is not far distant." "Let us fly to embrace him," exclaimed Timbrio. Blanche was already up and setting off, though she knew not the way, Nisida supported herself on the arm of her lover, and Tircis, Damon, and Elicio led them forwards to the hermitage.

It was near night when they reached the foot of the hill, and Timbrio, Nisida, and most eagerly, Blanche, proceeded up the steep footway without waiting to rest. On arriving at the door of the hermitage, they found it open; but, looking forwards, they could see no one in the

cell. Distressed at not finding the hermit, they were going to call him, and to examine the whole mountain; but the prudent Tircis stopped them: "Fabian," said he, "is certainly not far off—he never hopes to see you again, he weeps day and night for your loss, and he would die with joy, if he should see you suddenly. Be cautious, restrain your eagerness, and let us find some means to prepare him for a pleasure, which his mind will scarcely be able to support." Every one approved the advice: it was decided that the shepherds should seek Fabian, and announce to him, by degrees, the tender friends who were waiting to see him.

During the consultation, Blanche examined, by the moon's assistance, the interior of the cell. A rush mat, a stool, a wooden crucifix, were all the furniture of Fabian's apartment: and Blanche, after looking at them for some time, threw herself on her knees before the crucifix,

offering, in a low voice, her thanks to heaven for conducting her to this place.

Timbrio and the rustics looked at her with tender emotion, when the mixed sounds of sighs and lamentations informed them that Fabian was not far distant. All advanced instantly towards the sounds, and perceived the hermit, kneeling on a bare rock, under a wild olive tree, and with his hands raised towards heaven. At this sight, the two sisters and Timbrio wished to throw themselves into his arms, in spite of the endeavours of Tircis; but Fabian began his prayer, and every one stood motionless to listen. Nisida and Timbrio had their arms extended towards him, Blanche scarcely breathed while she gazed with eagerness, and often wiped away the tears that prevented her seeing distinctly the dear object.

“O, my God!” ejaculated Fabian, “Su-

preme Being, whom alone I wish to love, you who fill all the universe, and with whom only my heart ought to be filled, pardon my tears: I have lost every thing, and I have not murmured. O, my God! calm the pains that I suffer; but take not from me the remembrance of my misfortunes."

At the first words of this prayer, Blanche wept profusely; before the end of it she sobbed aloud. Tircis, fearing she might be heard, told Damon and Elicio to go and interrupt the hermit, while he remained with the sisters and Timbrio, to prevent their sudden approach.

The two shepherds obeyed, and were received with kindness by Fabian. "You are always lamenting," said Elicio, "and yet your misfortunes are perhaps near an end." "You know my sorrows," answered the hermit; "judge then if they can ever terminate." Yes; doubt-

less they may; Nisida still lives; she is now, together with her sister and Timbrio, employed in seeking you through all Spain. They have been met and known." "What do you tell me! ah! how can you be sure it was my friend, and that those were the two sisters? Alas! you only trifle with my distresses, which once you seemed to pity. Do not try to increase them by deluding me with false hopes."

While he thus spoke, Tircis, to prepare him still further, desired Nisida to sing where she was, without advancing to show herself to the hermit. She followed his advice, and began the first stanza of a song which Fabian had formerly composed.

Friendship, come; resume thy reign,

O'er the purblind god of lovers:

He may suit the young and vain;

Ev'ry age thy joys discovers.

He can raise a rapid fire,  
Thou canst form a tender tie:  
Spite of all his fierce desire,  
Without thee, Love soon would die.

Fabian was still speaking, when the voice of Nisida struck on his ear. He stopped, he listened, he remained without motion, his eyes fixed, and his mouth open; then, looking round with a wild and distracted gaze, his reason forsook him, and he seemed, by the terror expressed in his countenance, to consider the two shepherds as spectres. But the voice continued, seeming at last to penetrate the inmost recesses of his heart: his fear gradually subsided, his features became composed, he recovered himself, and darting, like an arrow, towards the place whence the sound proceeded, sank senseless into the arms of his friend.

Nisida and Timbrio cried out for assistance:

“I thought now I should die with joy: motionless and silent, I could not utter a single word. Nisida spoke to me, encouraged—I looked earnestly at her, trembling lest it should be a dream, and that, waking, I might lose the blissful illusion.

“Recovered from the excess of my first transports, I hastened to remove Nisida and her amiable sister on board the larger vessel. They were both dressed in the habits of pilgrims; but the captain, whom I had sufficiently informed, treated them with the respect due to their birth. It was then I learned from Blanche how the omission of the scarf had caused in her enfeebled sister so deadly a fainting, that every one believed her to have really expired. It was more than eight hours before she recovered her senses, and soon being told of my victory over Pransiles, my mistake, my despair, and our flight, she resolved, with her sister, to leave

every thing and follow us. In spite of her distress, in spite of her weakness, she would set out immediately, and Blanche arranged all for their escape. They had gold and jewels in their possession, which they freely bestowed, to secure a safe and secret departure from the paternal mansion. A servant, whom they had thus gained over to their designs, brought them a letter in the dead of the night, and the sisters, well supplied with diamonds, and disguised as pilgrims, took the road to Gaeta, where they knew I had arrived: they reached the city two hours only after my vessel had sailed. By the promise of great rewards, they found rowers who engaged to overtake us. The calm that came on seconded their efforts, and love, who doubtless protected these amiable sisters, brought them to us without accident.

“I had thus recovered Nisida; but you, my dear Fabian, were still wanting, and in this, for-



fortune had but half blessed us. Blanche felt it as much as I did, and we all joined in lamenting your absence. After a good voyage, we arrived at Barcelona, in the full hope to learn some tidings of you there; but all our researches and enquiries were useless. Blanche was the first to propose that we should travel all through Spain, and not rest till we had found you. She was sure this advice would be readily followed, and we determined to go first to Toledo, where some relations of Nisida resided; but we did not, however, delay writing to Nisida's father, to inform him of our adventures, and to ask his permission for our marriage at Toledo. His reply was such as we wished, and we were on the road to that city, enquiring of every one by the way for Fabian, when our good fortune conducted us here."

Such was the recital of Timbrio. As soon as he had ceased speaking, the hermit drew him

aside into a corner of the cell, and said to him, in a low and timid voice, "May not I also go to Toledo?" At such a question, Timbrio looked at him in surprise, as not comprehending the meaning. Fabian cast down his eyes, from which some few tears seemed to escape. No longer doubtful, his friend clasped him in his arms, answering, with eagerness, "yes; you shall go to Toledo, to marry your dear Blanche, who adores you, and has not spent a moment since your departure without fondly thinking of you. Can you say that you love her still?" "More than my life," answered Fabian; "but my love for you is even greater. Let us go, however," added he, smiling; "I will quit this hermit's dress, and you shall find me one more suitable to a bridegroom. If you approve my opinion, we will return, when united to the two charming sisters, and live amongst these shepherds, who love us, and who deserve that we should love them." "I have already formed

---

such a plan," replied Timbrio; "I am tired of the world, and resolve to finish my life in these shades, dividing my heart between my wife and my friend." After this conversation, they returned and repeated it to the two sisters and the shepherds, who all applauded their intentions.

Though the night was far advanced, Eliseo advised them not to delay proceeding into the village. "I have no house to offer you," said he; "but I will take you to that of Galatea, and Moeris, her father, will do himself an honour in receiving you."

His advice was followed; they set out; they quickened their pace, and arrived just as Moeris was sitting down to table with his daughter, Florissa and Theolinda, and the four shepherds, who were to conduct Galatea, the following day, to Portugal. They knocked;

The dogs barked; Moeris came and opened the door himself. Elicio entreated him to entertain Nisida, Blanche, and their lovers, and the old shepherd, feeling honoured by such guests, received them with cheerfulness and respect. He called his daughter to add the best there was in the house to the supper, and then invited them to partake the meal, excusing its plainness, by saying that they were unexpected.

During the supper, Galatea exerted herself not to appear sad. Elicio had placed himself as far as possible from the Portuguese servants: he regarded them with anger, and sometimes his eyes met those of Galatea. The party rose from table; and all went out, to enjoy the freshness of the air on the stone seats before the door. The aged Moeris was anxious to describe to his guests the splendid marriage which he had arranged for his daughter: they heard him with attention, and when he spoke of the great wealth

of his son-in-law, the Portuguese shepherds did not fail to give an exaggerated account of it. The two friends and the two sisters thought themselves obliged to congratulate Galatea on the occasion: she, however, answered not a word, and Elicio tried to conceal his tears, when, suddenly, the deep sound of a funeral trumpet was heard through the village.

Moeris, his guests, all the inhabitants ran, full of alarm, to the quarter whence the sound seemed to proceed. They perceived four shepherds, clothed in black, and crowned with cypress, of whom two carried lighted torches, and two sounded, at times, the melancholy trumpets. In the midst of the shepherds appeared a minister of the Deity, dressed in his priestly robes.

It was the venerable Salvador, the shepherds pastor, who consoled him in his afflictions, and who returned thanks to heaven for his benefits.

All the village was his family, all its orphans were his children, and for more than forty years he had fulfilled the sublime employment of praising God and of serving men.

“Shepherds,” cried he aloud, “to-morrow is the day chosen, out of the whole year, to honour the ashes of our brothers, in the Valley of Tombs. Think of this sacred duty; and, as early as the dawn, assemble here in the sad apparel suited to a ceremony so interesting to every heart.”

Having delivered these words in a commanding and impressive tone, Salvador returned in the same way to his house. Every one agreed to meet at the break of day for the purpose of performing this holy duty, and Moeris, wishing that his daughter should not be absent on the occasion, entreated the Portuguese to delay their departure. Elicio's heart beat high with joy at the request—Galatea heard it and hope grew in her bosom.

1871

1872

1873



## GALATEA.

---

I YIELD up my heart to thee, sweet Melancholy: descend, and shed over my last scenes that tender tone, which excites sympathetic feelings in the bosom of delighted sensibility. The tears that flow from this, thy sacred source, when they fall on the sorrows of the afflicted, are like the refreshing dews of heaven, at the close of a sultry day. Sweet are the remembrances of at-



tachment with which thou consolest the absent lover; sweet is thy balm to the friend deprived of his dear companion: and even sweeter are thy soothing to the sighing mother, who has lost her eldest, perhaps her only, treasure. How sweetest of all, then, are those delicious moments which thou givest to him, who, secluded from the world, with only his heart and his memory for companions, lives on the contemplation of her he has first seen and adored! How he recalls with delight his first emotions, the early days of his passion, the first avowal of it, the air with which she heard it, the fears, the suspicions, the quarrels! All are present to him, and he retraces them with delight. If he has no longer reason for hope, he feels a joy in weeping over his disappointment! If unpitying death has ravished from him the object of his adoration, he enjoys and dwells on the consideration of what might have been his blissful state; and, perhaps, he would have more cause to complain, if any one could afford

him the consolation which should put an end to his grief.

These were the thoughts of Salvador, and he; therefore, dedicated one day in a year to the tears of gratitude, of love, and of friendship: this day had now arrived. Salvador, dressed in the most solemn ornaments of his sacerdotal office, appeared first in the principal place of the village: he soon saw himself surrounded by all the inhabitants, covered with crape, crowned with cypress, and carrying staves ornamented with black ribands. Salvador ranged them himself, and, separating the shepherds from the shepherdesses, he made the whole troop walk in two lines.

On the right, Nisida, Blanche, Theolinda, Florissa, and all the young females, advanced under the guidance of Galatea. Opposite to them, on the left, walked Timbrio, Fabian, Da-

mon, Tircis, with all the other youths of the village, having Elicio at their head. Erastor only was wanting. After these came the wives led by Silvia, and the husbands guided by Daranio: this happy company was almost as interesting as the first. These were again followed by a third troop, less brilliant and more respectable: they were the widows and the widowers, headed by Moeris and the mother of Erastor. Their white hairs were without coronets, their trembling hands were supported by walnut staffs.— How interesting to such the ceremony they proceeded to celebrate! They were about to weep over the ashes of a son, a sister, or a tender companion:

Salvador closed the procession: he made choice of that post, to be nearer the unhappy and the afflicted. On each side of him, four beautiful boys, dressed in linen robes, and crowned with flowers, carried the lustral water, the in-

cense, and the sacred fire. Proud of this employ, which was the recompense for a whole year of steady deportment, they advanced even more gravely than the aged troop that preceded them.

To arrive at the Valley of Tombs, it was necessary to proceed for near a mile, along the banks of the Tagus, under a green avenue, formed by a double row of poplars: the procession marched along on a smooth grassy turf, richly enamelled with flowers, still moist with the dew. The sun began to gild the summits of the mountains, promising one of the finest summer days; the sky was cloudless, a gentle zephyr agitated the foliage of the trees, rocking, but without alarming, the nestlings that were sheltered under it; the sweet lark, already lost in air, was heard, though not seen; the nightingale fatigued with warbling all night, yet poured out a new song to hail the dawn; the turtle and the pigeon

replied in soft plaints to the joyful notes of various other birds; innumerable flowers filled the air with their fragrance; the fish sported in the waves of the river: all nature, awaking from repose, to the splendor of so glorious a morning, seemed to thank the Creator for his new blessings.

Timbrio, Blanche, and Nisida, little accustomed to so ravishing a sight, contemplated it with surprise and wonder. The entrance to the Valley of Tombs, however, soon excited new admiration.

On the borders of this fine river, whose sands are mixed with gold, is a space of a mile square, inclosed on all sides by a chain of gently-rising hills, which left only one entrance. This narrow passage was fenced on each hand by rows of cypress trees, planted so thick, that their intermingling branches formed a wall of dark

green foliage, almost as high as the mountains : a few rose bushes, a few plants of wild jessamine, enlivened, with their red or yellow flowers, the sombrous verdure of these vegetable walls. Never had adventurous flock penetrated this holy asylum — never had the woodman's hatchet assailed the trees of this sacred grove. A deep silence reigned around, and no sound was distinguishable, except the bubbling of some small springs, under the foliage, which, uniting together in a bed of moss, hastened to pour their silver waves into the bosom of the Tagus...

At the extremity of this avenue stood an aged fir-tree, which seemed to shut up the valley : on its bark were engraved these words :

Pause, traveller; this place revere :

Then, if thy heart be yet in virtue true,

To these lone tombs thy tears are due :

Oh! shed them here.

In the interior of the valley, the same cypresses were seen all round, and in the middle was a fountain, whose waters, ever plentiful, refreshed and nourished the grassy turf. Tombs appeared in different parts of the ground, some covered with ivy, others still ornamented with garlands, all inclosing the mortal remains of beings who had loved and revered virtue.

The honour of being interred in this valley was not granted to every one: it was the tribute paid to an irreproachable life, and the whole village assembled to decide on the pretensions.

The shepherds stopped, on arriving at the fountain, and Salvador raised his voice: "Disperse yourselves," said he, "and you shall assemble again round me, when the trumpet sounds." At these words, the whole procession separated: each widow, each orphan, ran to shed tears over the stone that covered the departed

relative. Timbrio, Fabian, and the sisters, had lost sight of Elicio, and traversed the valley in search of him.

They found him, at last, kneeling before the tomb of his mother: his hands were clasped together, and his eyes, bathed in tears, were raised towards heaven. "O my mother!" said he, "you are surely happy, for you were always good! Watch over me from your heavenly dwelling, and make me love virtue, as much as I have loved my mother." In thus speaking, he pressed his face to the tomb, and his tears moistened the stone.

The four lovers heard him in silent attention: they approached, and Timbrio, taking the shepherd's hand, said to him, "Worthy son, you fill my heart with tenderness and respect. Promise me your friendship, and, from this moment, I renounce the world, to lead a pastoral life, in your



society, to inhabit with Nisida, Blanche, and Fabian, a cottage by the side of yours." "Alas, you will then be too near to one that is miserable," answered Elicio: "a year ago I lost my mother; from which time one sentiment alone has made me cherish life, and to-morrow I shall lose for ever the dear object that excited it." The sisters, the friends, pressed him to explain himself further: "This is not a fit place," answered the shepherd, "to speak of tender attachments. When we are out of the valley, I will relate to you the little history of my distresses."

While they were yet speaking, the trumpet sounded, and Timbrio enquired the reason why Salvador recalled them. "It is to honour," replied Elicio, "the ashes of the last shepherd whom we have lost. Then we shall hear the story of his life, sung by the most accomplished of our shepherdesses."

They repaired immediately to the fountain, where all the rest were already assembled. The venerable pastor guided them towards a tomb, lately erected, of which the stone, still white, presented this simple epitaph;



Salvador went three times round it: he pronounced the usual prayers, burnt the incense, sprinkled the lustral water, and then, taking Galateæ by the hand, gave her a paper, on which was written, the history of him, for whom all were weeping. A modest blush covered the face of the maid, as she placed herself near the tomb: the company listened in silence.

Amongst the lovers on our plain,  
Lycis most with ardour burn'd:  
Fair Louisa heard the swain,  
And his love at last return'd.  
Of her friends he ask'd the maid,  
And the father scarce denied;  
"Bring but wealth like hers," he said,  
"And my child shall be your bride."

Save his love and cottage bare,  
Worldly gifts he had no other;  
But his love was for his fair,  
And his cottage for his mother.  
Hence, he left his native clime,  
Distant lands and seas to measure;  
Where, by constant toil, in time,  
Lycis gain'd the wish'd-for treasure.

Full of hope, he homewards hied,  
Where his love, still faithful, meets him;

Lycis now demands his bride,  
And a full compliance greets him.  
Next day's dawn should crown their truth;  
Long they thought the moments flying,  
When the mother of the youth,  
Suddenly seem'd sick and dying.

Lycis hasten'd to the town,  
Thoughts of love no longer stay'd him,—  
Found a doctor of renown,  
And thus brib'd the sire to aid him:  
“Fell disease and anguish thrilling,  
Drag my mother to the grave——  
All I have I give most willing,  
If her precious life you save.”

Soon the sage, by skilful measures,  
Brought the parent back to life;  
Lycis gave the promis'd treasures,  
But the youth thus lost his wife.

Some new lover wed the maid,  
Lycis saw, his thoughts restraining,  
And, by inward grief decay'd,  
Died, at last, without complaining.

Galatea hastened to resume her place amongst the shepherdesses. "My friends," cried Salvador, "your own hearts will say more to you on this occasion than I can say. You weep with tender pleasure at the account of a good action—judge then, what must have been the gratification to him who performed it!"

After this short address, the venerable priest led the whole assembly out of the Valley of Tombs, and, having signified that no order of procession need be observed on their return, the villagers dispersed themselves on the beautiful meadows which the Tagus waters.

The two friends and the sisters, who had not

forgotten the promise of Elicio, took the road towards the well-known fountain. The unhappy shepherd related to them the progress of his love, and he described, also, the agony of his despair on the expected marriage of Galatea. Fabian, Blanche, and Nisida tried to console him: Timbrio thought only of the means to accomplish his union with his adored mistress.

Behind them, at a short distance, Galatea, Florissa, Theolinda, Tircis, and Damon walked together without speaking. The daughter of Moeris reflected that the morrow would be the day of her departure. Florissa formed the resolution of following her to Portugal: the drooping Theolinda envied the fate of those who reposed in the Valley of Tombs.

To reach the fountain it was necessary to leave the borders of the Tagus and to cross some wooded hills. Elicio's dog, who that day, not

being permitted to follow Galatea, had remained in the village, saw some of the shepherds return; but not seeing either his master or his mistress, he set off to seek them, and joined their company just as they entered the woods.

After having bounded many times from one company to the other, fawning on Elicio and Galatea, the dog darted away amongst the hills, and soon started a wild kid, which he pursued with eagerness. The kid ran swiftly and passed close by the shepherds; fear gave him strength, and he gained, without being overtaken, a cavern, which he entered bleating, followed by the dog. Galatea uttered cries for the safety of the kid—every one ran towards the cavern—Elicio had rushed into it after the dog.

Tircis, Damon, and the two friends, endeavoured to encourage the shepherdesses, and they waited to see the lover of Galatea appear, carry-

ing the kid in his arms, when a terrible noise was heard in the cavern, and Elicio came out, fighting with a man, whose aspect was truly frightful. He was covered with rags, a thick black beard concealed half of his face, his long matted hair spread over his shoulders; his naked, sinewy arms embraced Elicio closely, endeavouring to stifle him. The shepherd, not less vigorous, repelled, with his left hand, the hairy bosom of the wild man, while with the right, twisted in the hair of his enemy, he forced back his head. Silent, their eyes fixed and attentive, their legs intertwined, in rage they tried which should first throw the other to the ground.

The dog of Elicio had not quitted his master, and would have made attempts to assist him, but a she goat engaged him wholly in defending himself. Careful not to expose her sides to his bite, she pressed forwards, threatening with her horns, while the kid, grown bold, skipped about



behind his mother, seeming now to defy the animal he had so lately feared.

Tircis, Damon, and the two friends rushed to separate the combatants. Timbrio seized the wild man, and had occasion for all his strength to hold him, when Theolinda, suddenly fainting, engaged the eyes of every one. The wild man cast his eyes upon her, and, breaking from the arms of Timbrio, seized the goat, innocent cause of so many accidents, which he presented on his knees to Theolinda, with an air of the most complete submission. Scarcely had the shepherdess recovered her senses when she threw herself on the neck of the wild man, exclaiming, "Ah! it is you! it is you! my dear Artidore, and you have not forgotten Theolinda ——" At that name, Artidore changed colour: he arose, and looking on the shepherdess with a wild gaze, "Theolinda!" said he; "she deceived me—I remember it. Is she here? do you know her?"

"Oh! yes; she is here, and lives but for you."

Artidore spoke in a whispering voice, "You must lead me to her, that I may tell her she is faithless, and that I love her no longer—then we will return and live together in my cave: you shall be my friend and I will give you my kid."

Theolinda perceived, by this, that grief had unsettled the reason of the unfortunate Artidore; she looked on him, she wept, she pressed his hand with tenderness: "I will do it," said she, "and I will never quit you; I will continue with you to the last hour of my life, that I may convince you Theolinda was not culpable." In thus speaking, she took the arm of Artidore, drawing him along the road that led to the fountain. The goat and the kid followed them: the rest of the party walked somewhat behind, anxious to see the end of this occurrence.

During the way, Theolinda endeavoured to revive in Artidore a degree of memory which she feared and yet wished. Careful not to say any thing that might displease him, she spoke with great caution of herself, recalled, by degrees, to him their mutual affection, related the history of her twin sister, as well as the mortifications she had caused her; she observed the effect of every word on the countenance of Artidore, followed up those which seemed most to touch him, and used the utmost powers of her mind to bring back the heart of her lover. Artidore listened like one who is waking from a long dream: he answered justly to some of her questions, he made her repeat others; till, by little and little, his memory, his ideas were restored. Love, who took from him his reason, love, all-powerful love, alone could return it. He stopped—he looked attentively on Theolinda—he knew her again: he fell at her feet, pressed her in his arms, and the copious tears that flow-

ed, convinced the shepherdess that her lover was fast recovering.

They were by this time arrived at the fountain, where all the company joined them. Florissa and Galatea had related, by the way, all that they knew of the loves of Artidore and Theolinda. After congratulating the shepherdess, they prayed her to engage her lover to take up the narrative from the moment when the twin sister had so cruelly deceived him. Artidore consented, and, though a little ashamed of his appearance, he thus continued his history:

“The discourse of the false Theolinda threw me into unconquerable despair. I resolved to fly, for ever, from her whom I believed faithless; yet I wished to tell her once more that I loved her, and I carved my farewell on the bark of a poplar. I remember not what I wrote—from

that moment my feeble reason forsook me: I wandered about the country, and was some days without taking any food. This abstinence confirmed the disorder of my head, and all that passed seems like confusion: two things only have left an impression on my memory. I descended a hill, which cannot be far from here, and all at once I heard a noise in the bushes. I looked and saw this young kid, that now sits at my side, flying from a furious wolf, who pursued him with open jaws. My first movement was to throw myself on the wolf, for I had no arms. Obligated, therefore, to wrestle with the ferocious beast, we rolled together in the dust. The loss of my reason had doubtlessly rendered me more powerful, by preventing me from seeing my danger. I squeezed the wolf to death in my arms, and, without observing that the kid followed me, I continued my way, till I reached the cave where you found me.

Its gloom, its distance from the habitations of man, made me chuse it for my tomb. I advanced to its inmost recesses, and was going to seat myself on a piece of rock, when I thought of the perfidy of Theolinda, and my reason returned for a moment, to make me feel all the weight of my wretchedness. Resolved never more to go out of the place, I rolled a great stone, to shut up the entrance. Thus imprisoned in my tomb, I experienced a frightful joy, and I extended myself on the earth, in the hope of never rising again.

I was in this calmness of despair, neither fearing nor desiring that my sufferings might be long, when a plaintive bleating struck on my ear. I listened; I heard it again; it seemed to come from the entrance of the cavern. In spite of myself I was moved: I rose, ran forwards, and perceived the little kid, whom I had saved,

putting his white nose between the stone and the rock, as if to entreat for admittance.

My eyes filled with tears—I removed the stone carefully. As soon as the space was large enough, the kid entered, followed by a she goat, who was wounded and bleeding fast. She lay down at my feet, raised up her head towards me, and then let it fall again, panting all the time with fatigue and pain. The kid turned anxiously towards me, then went and licked the mother's wound, and then came again to me, as if entreating me to take care of her.

I examined the wound, which was from the teeth of the wolf. Immediately I went to seek for water, I washed the wounded part, I stopped the bleeding, and with part of my clothes I made a sort of bandage. After I had finished my operation, the goat looked at me with gratitude, turned herself gently over, offered me her teats,

fall of milk, and seemed inviting me to share her nourishment with the offspring which I had just preserved to her.

No human consolations could have prevented me from dying; but this goat and this kid attached me once more to life. Resolved to pass my days with them, I went out to collect a stock of herbs and fruits, and I arranged the cavern so that it was commodious, at least for such inhabitants. The next day I dressed the wound again, which was healed in four days more, and then the goat went out, sometimes alone and sometimes with the kid, who would follow me as readily as its mother. For my part I wandered daily in the neighbouring mountains, and every evening we met together in the cavern. If I had found wild thyme or other sweet shrubs in my way, I brought a portion home for my companion: she ate it out of my hands, I ate my fruits, and the kid sucked. After this meal, I closed



up, with the stone, the entrance to our habitation; and, extended on the moss, we gave ourselves up to sleep.

To-day the heat had prevented me, as well as the goat, from going out as usual: the kid had sported about for some time before the cave, and I thought him still there when I saw him bound towards me, trembling and pursued by a dog: soon after a man appeared. I confess to you that this sight kindled my rage to the highest degree, and I rushed on him with an intention to strangle him; so much was I exasperated to think that any human being should now come to tear from me the only friends that remained. You were witnesses of our struggle and of its happy termination. This day is the most blessed of my life. I have recovered my Theolinda; I have recovered my reason: I shall pass my life with her who alone can make it blissful, and my goat and my kid will remain with me always."

Thus speaking, he caressed the animals with one hand and offered the other to Theolinda.

This recital of Artidore had softened every one; they thanked him with their tears. He begged, in a low voice, Elicio, to procure him the means of cutting off his long beard and of changing his dress. "Come with me," said the shepherd; "I have all that you require in my cottage." "Go," added Timbrio, "we will wait for you here, and, in the mean time, I will prepare what I meant to say to the father of ——" He stopped; for Galatea blushed. Artidore set off with Elicio; Theolinda entreated him not to be long absent, and the goat and the kid followed him.

Galatea had thus understood that Timbrio thought of speaking to her father, and imagined that her presence might prevent him: she, therefore, feigned being obliged to return home, and

taking leave of Blanche, Nisida, and Theolinda, regained the village accompanied only by her dear Florissa.

They were just entering it, when four men darted from behind a hedge, seized the two shepherdesses, stifled their cries by filling their mouths with handkerchiefs, and forced them on the backs of two mules, that were waiting for the purpose. Galatea and Florissa obeyed, trembling with fear; the four ravishers mounted their horses, placing the mules between them, and set out at full speed towards the frontiers of Castile.

These men were the four Portuguese who had arrived at the house of Moeris two days before: they had perceived the cold reception they experienced in the village, the manner in which Elicio had regarded them during the supper; and the glances of Galatea had made them suspect the truth. The delay required by Moeris,

in order to go to the Valley of Tombs, and the refusal of the inhabitants to admit them in the company, appeared to them an excuse and an affront. Fearing, therefore, to return without Galatea, they determined to carry her off by force, believing that the violence would be forgiven, as soon as she should be married to their master. All their plans had succeeded, and they were flying with their victim; but love watched over the fate of Galatea.

Artidore, after changing his dress, in the cottage of Elicio, was returning with him towards the fountain, when they saw at a distance the four men, and knew the two shepherdesses. Elicio uttered a shout and flew to his mistress. With both hands he stopped the mules: one of the ravishers raised his arm and aimed a blow to wound him mortally, but Artidore was there, and, with a stroke of his stick, broke the arms of the barbarian. The two shepherdesses took

advantage of the moment: they slid off the mules; and, knowing the ways, ran to seek for assistance at the fountain. In the mean time, Elicio had seized the weapon of the wounded man, and ranging himself by the side of Artidore, made a stand thus on foot against the three remaining horsemen, who wished to revenge their wounded companion.

This unequal combat continued some time, and courage began to yield to superior numbers and force: Elicio, wounded in the arm, could scarcely defend himself, when Timbrio, sword in hand, fell like lightning on the ravishers: at the first blow he cut off the head of him who pressed on Elicio. Tircis, Damon, Fabian arrived, and the remaining two enemies took to flight at the utmost speed of their horses.

Elicio's wound was not dangerous; but he lost a great deal of blood. Galatea was alarmed.

at it; she examined the wound, she tied it up with her handkerchief, and this bandage was almost sufficient to cure Elicio. He walked towards the village with his arm in a sling, and, as Galatea supported him, he felt more than rewarded for all the danger he had incurred.

They arrived at the house of Morris, who felt himself so insulted by the attempt of the Portuguese, that he declared he would no longer hold his engagement. "Behold," said Timbrio, presenting to him the wounded youth, "behold the deliverer of your daughter: Elicio deserves to possess her whom he has had courage to rescue. Nothing but his poverty could have made you hesitate; but I am rich and I intend . . . ." Before he could finish speaking, a great noise was heard at the house-door, and the company, looking out, saw a large ram entering the court, dressed all over with ribands, and painted with different colours. His large bell distinguished

him from a hundred ewes that followed, each with her lamb. Erastor came after all, accompanied by two dogs: he advanced, left the dogs to guard this fine flock, and addressed himself to the father of Galatea.

“Mœris,” said he, “I loved your daughter, and I might have disputed the prize with the Portuguese, to whom you have given her; but I will perform an act of justice: neither the Portuguese nor Erastor deserves the hand of Galatea—none but Elicio is worthy of her; and you cannot doubt this acknowledgment, when coming from the mouth of a rival. You expect your son-in-law to be rich: look at this flock, which is in itself an inheritance; it is Elicio’s. Believe not, that I give it him—I have only called at the surrounding hamlets, and Elicio has every where so many friends, that, each giving him a lamb, with its mother, this flock has been formed in two days.”

He had not finished speaking, before Elicio bathed him with his tears. "Ah! my friend," said he, "whatever may be my fate, your friendship has rendered it worthy of envy. I dare not hope for Galatea; but . . . . . ." "She is yours only," cried Moeris, with eyes full of tears; "come, my child, I give you to your deliverer; come, embrace your husband. Galatea, blushing like a fresh rose, came forward; but seemed fearful of advancing too quick. Elicio kneeled at her feet, offering her the only arm he could use: Galatea looked at him, stopped, cast down her eyes, and blushed deeper than before. Her father, who enjoyed this tender embarrassment, took her by the hand, and led her to the enraptured shepherd. Even then he was obliged to force her to present her face to the lips of Elicio, and that kiss was the first that Galatea had ever received.

While some were relating, to Erastor, how



Galatea and Florissa had been carried off, Timbrio came up to him, and said, "Shepherd, you have deprived me of the sweetest gratification of my life: I wished to divide my property with Elicio, that he might obtain the object of his love; and you have prevented me. You cannot love him more than I do; but you have loved him longer: it is just, therefore, that you should have the preference. I hope, however," added he, "that I shall be permitted to fulfil another of my intentions. I have determined to divide all that I have into four parts, the first of which belongs to my friend Fabian; I offer the second to Theolinda and Artidore, to induce them to live amongst us; the third shall be distributed, by Salvador, to the most indigent of the village; and, with the remaining part, some one shall purchase a house and meadows, and a flock for Nisida and me. Yes, my friends, I shall become a shepherd: I will finish my life with you—with Fabian; our cottages shall be near to each other;

our farms shall be laid into one: we will become the example of the village, and we will grow old in peace, in joy, and in love."

Every one offered thanks to Timbrio; Artidore and Theolinda embraced him. Mœris wished that the marriage contracts should be prepared that evening, and the news of so many happy events, having spread through the neighbourhood, the Alcaide and the venerable Salvador came to offer their services.

The contracts were soon made, and it was further agreed, that on the following day Timbrio should send all his servants to Toledo, with a trust-worthy person, who might give an account of Nisida, to her relations, and bring back the fortune of his master, in money. During this journey, Mœris was to purchase the flocks and the farms for the new shepherds; and, while all was preparing, Timbrio, Fabian, and the two

isters, it was agreed, should remain with Mœris, and Theolinda and Artidore at the house of Erastor.

Nothing remained but to fix the day of the four marriages. Elicio, in spite of his wound, decided for its being the next day. Even the wise Salvador could not prevail on him to defer it longer, and the other bridegrooms, consenting by their silence, it was so determined.

The whole company sat down to table, each lover by the side of his mistress, and the repast being over, all withdrew to enjoy the breeze of evening, in the garden, where, seated on banks of the softest turf, they enjoyed the mild radiance of the moon. Songs and music were the natural conclusions of so joyous a day, and, Mœris and Salvador, being placed at the head of a listening company, the lovers thus sang their feelings:

## TIMBRIO:

I once believ'd my pity due,

To those misjudging people weak;

Who quit ease, love and friendship too,

For wealth with anxious care to seek;

But now in different thoughts I live;

And think them weak no more:

What joy to gain a store,

Which yields the pow'r, the blissful pow'r to give.

## BLANCHE:

Doubts and fears long rack'd my mind,

Hope denied his fond relief,

And, had fate not soon prov'd kind,

I had died through love and grief:

But now your heart possessing,

In these sweet shades I'll dwell;

And frequent, at your cell,

I'll pour my grateful thanks for heav'n's high  
blessing.

## ARTIDORE.

I fear'd my shepherdess, so fair,  
Had prov'd untrue, unkind;  
But frenzy wild and dark despair  
Punish'd my doubting mind.  
Yet since the maid's return,  
My reason comes once more:  
But, ah! with love I burn,  
More frenzied than before.

## GALATEA.

Oh! to that sweet auspicious day,  
Does yet your mem'ry rove,  
When first to me you tried to say,  
The tender words, "I love?"  
Blushing I heard, and feelings caught,  
That set my heart a beating:  
Your happiness from me you sought,  
Mine was in your entreating.

**ELICIO.**

**Friendship's pure sweets can never cloy,**

**And love is bliss alone:**

**How fervent, then, must be his joy,**

**Who finds them both his own!**

**Such is my lot—how shall I dare**

**Attempt my thoughts to speak?**

**Bless'd in my friend, bless'd in my fair—**

**My joyous heart must break.**

It was time to retire for the night. Blanche, Nisida, and Theolinda, remained with Galatea, while Timbrio, Fabian, and Elicio, went to sleep at the house of Salvador. Before dawn, on the next morning, the four lovers knocked at the door of Mæris's dwelling: Timbrio and Fabian were each equipped already with a crook and a wallet. The inhabitants duly informed, the evening before, had made greater preparations than they had made for the nuptials of Daranio. The lovers were kept some time waiting, for the

good Moeris still slept; but he appeared soon, followed by his daughter, by Theolinda, and by the two sisters, dressed in rustic habits: Erastor gave his hand to Galatea, and led her to the temple amidst loud acclamations. Salvador united the four lovers, to the objects of their fondest wishes, and heaven blessed their union. They put their plans into immediate execution; they lived long, they lived happy, they lived in uninterrupted love, examples to the country, which still honours their memory.



THE END.





---

J Swan, Printer,  
76, Fleet Street, London.

X H, g

M. S,



